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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

By anticipation Lord Rosebery's Glasgow speech was almost as sensational as his Chesterfield speech. Nor did he disappoint expectation. It was a rousing speech, which will give Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George plenty of points to answer. The Budget, said Lord Rosebery, is not a Liberal measure; it is a measure to brand landlords as criminals, and to institute an inquisition unknown hitherto in Great Britain or to mankind. It is a menace to every form of property, to capital and to labour. Money is to be raised under a new form of bureaucracy, which is not Liberalism but Socialism, and to be squandered with spendthrift recklessness. The Budget attacks the rich, but is it a poor man's budget? The worker will soon feel the pinch, and the sequestration rather than taxation of capital proposed by the Government must ultimately aggravate the problem of unemployment. By their finance the Government have given away free trade. If the Prime Minister was right when he declared that Tariff Reform was the only alternative, then in Lord Rosebery's opinion free trade cannot survive the Budget.

The Radical press on Lord Rosebery to-day will be instructive reading. We looked into the "Nation" the other day, only to find that Lord Rosebery does not in the least matter. He is found out, done for, exposed, blown up completely. He is seen through and through. But, if so, why trouble to discuss him? If he is not a leader of anybody, why give him a "leader" all to himself, and flay and slay him with all this fury? And why do thousands flock to hear him, and why do the Radical papers report him word for word? Our own notion is that Lord Rosebery is still more or less alive. He is at Elba, not S. Helena yet; and candidly we hope he will break out of Elba. The "Westminster Gazette", a cool judge of men and political things, seems also to think Lord Rosebery is not yet the late Lord Rosebery. It has been suggesting that his right place is the place of

Moderator. It will find him very much out of place after Glasgow.

Roughly, the classes affected by the Budget clauses debated this week are those whom Mr. Churchill styles "Swindlers"—those whom Mr. Lloyd George styles "Blackmailers" being, with the land clauses, finished with for the moment. But there is another class altogether that is going to be affected by these liquor clauses. When the working man comes to realise thoroughly that his beer is costing him more, he will surely resent the hardship. Bread, Beer and Bacca are looked on as the prime necessities of the farm labourer's life. Bread up, Bacca up, Beer up: and a Liberal Government in power! We advise all Unionist speakers and electioneers to rub in these Three B's.

It appears from the Budget debate on Tuesday there are several ways to "tie" a public-house within the meaning of the Finance Bill. One is to have the house owned by the brewer or distiller, and the tenant bound to go nowhere else for his supplies. Another way is to have the tenant permanently so much in debt that he is forced to buy from his creditor, which, in effect, differs little from the first way. In either case, the customer is the licence holder, and the Government means to shift the increase in the duty, or part of it, from the customer to his creditor. The method adopted is to "enable the licence holder to recover as a debt" from his tying creditor some portion of the duty, determined by agreement, and, failing that, to be determined by the Commissioners. The amount recoverable is to be a "fair" amount, but, as in the case of Irish rent, no two can agree as to what is "fair". The most interesting knot in the tangle is its detailed system of trade legislation by means of the Budget and without consulting the country.

The faith was not in danger, the Bottle stood adjourned, and the boys were told by Mr. Redmond that they could make holiday, which they did. Mr. Healy risked the disloyalty of remaining at his post. In the absence of the others the Bottle came up again. Did Mr. Healy get the Government to bring it up? He made a brilliant speech in defence of the Bottle, behind Mr. Redmond's back, and for this devotion to the cause he is to be removed from the Party—that is, until Mr.

Redmond gets orders from Cardinal Logue to the contrary. The men of the Bottle at home, including the men of the faith, wanted to know why the cause had been left to the care of Mr. Healy alone. The man is wrong who does less for the cause than Mr. Redmond; but he is still more wrong who does more. Mr. Redmond is the standard. To exceed his virtue is a vice. Mr. Healy's next great sin is his ability, which stands out to the disadvantage of the others; and an Irishman's way to the top is by getting others down under him. That is one reason why "the nation" dies out. The presence of one capable man demonstrates the incapacity of the others, and it is easier to level him down than to level themselves up. Tim will not go. When Mr. Redmond set out to oppose his election for North Louth he was ordered by the ecclesiastics to drop it, and the honourable "mimber" for Cardinal Logue is not less strong now.

There is only one really safe constituency for the free lance, and that is inside the Government. He is no sooner there than he ceases to harass the party and the party ceases to harass him. The proof of great ability in a free lance is, as a rule, getting a place in the Government of the day and becoming forthwith the most trustworthy henchman of that Government. If he does not get into the Government, sooner or later he will find himself at the bottom of the poll. We are very much afraid this is where Mr. Harold Cox, thanks to the Budget, will find himself ere long. The Preston caucus has sent him its ultimatum, and he has replied with a message of defiance and an interview of the same character. "A deputation", he declares, "came to me at the House of Commons, and to my surprise asked me to gracefully retire in favour of another candidate. . . . I intend to stand at the next election in support of the same causes for which I fought in 1906—Free Trade, fair play for all religious denominations, equity in taxation and economy in public expenditure. . . . it is a question of the responsibility of members of Parliament not only to their consciences but to their constituencies. According to the views of the Preston Liberal Executive, any man who gets into Parliament with their assistance becomes their slave; his pledges to the constituency are to count for nothing; he is to cease to have either conscience or will."

Mr. Cox' views about the duty of a member are as conscientious as his views about a good deal of predatory radical legislation. But, alack, they won't wash in the brutal laundries of party politics to-day. His linen—like that of one or two on our own side—is over-fine for the work. Independence and individuality are splendid qualities in a man; it is doubtful whether a man is worth calling a man who has not practised them most of his life. Mr. Cox has practised them outside party politics with conspicuous success. But within party politics the rule of the thing now is that sooner or later a man must either fall into line or busy himself in some other employment. Caucuses think absolutely nothing of Burke and Bristol. Free lances and party caucuses—Liberal, Conservative, Labour—cannot live together: they would be mutually destructive like Carlyle's Squalid and Beautiful. Hence, whilst we greatly admire Mr. Cox' gifts of understanding, wit and character, we can't think that he is exceptionally unfortunate. He drank the port, and cannot hope like Pitt to congratulate himself on somebody else having the headache.

"Development" night brought lively discussion, though attendance was so poor that late in the evening a count had to be moved. The debate would have been still livelier had it not, in the biblical sense of the word, been prevented. "Hands off the Sinking Fund!" had been a cry too warmly raised for the comfort of Mr. Lloyd George, and he had removed them. Moreover the irresponsible Commission had disappeared. But an Executive was left, limited by advice only, with power to spend sums of money upon objects that were, in its

opinion, calculated to work the good of a democratic people. It was upon this Executive that Sir Robert Cecil made his chief attack. But in any case, as regards the allocation of these hypothetic sums, it seems a choice between the devil and the deep sea; irresponsible Executive on one side, and on the other parliamentary control with attendant opportunity for local jobbery.

Mr. Lloyd George did not make much of a reply. He wasted more time than was necessary in defending the objects of the Bill, which on the whole are excellent. His expressions of surprise that no member for a rural constituency had spoken against the measure were a little pointless. No doubt it was banter that he intended, and banter is an excellent thing to pass the time when it is getting late. His large-minded appreciation of "development" machinery, as it was found working in France, the United States, Hungary, and other places, was also a little wide of the mark. Because an institution flourishes well in a certain soil, that hardly seems a strong argument for having it transplanted into a soil of totally different quality.

We are not deeply moved by the talk and print—common among Conservatives as well as Liberals—as to the way the farming industry is to be encouraged by development grants. Ordinarily what the farmer and the luckless landowner want just now is to be left alone for a time. And, despite the craze for small holdings, we need to grow, not currant-bushes and cocks and hens in miserly little plots, but large expanses of corn; for foreign countries are not flooding the markets with dirt-cheap grain as they were doing for five-and-twenty years and more. Just fancy, bread at over a shilling, and this benign free-trade Government in power! We don't know whether bread is "the sweeter because no longer leavened by the sense of injustice", as Peel put it—we do know it is precious dear.

While Mr. Redmond is trying to preserve his distinction by the removal of Mr. Healy and the suppression of his ability, the Molly Maguires are making for the removal of Mr. Redmond, and even followers of his own do not believe that he can be in the next House of Commons, unless as a follower. It is estimated that Mr. Redmond costs "the cause" over £1500 a year, and it is felt that five Devlins could be hired for the money, each Devlin being worth five Redmonds, making a difference of twenty-four to "the cause." The need to calculate the thing in this way now arises from the slump in the funds, with less than £4000 left against a general election, and Mr. Redmond taking a full sixth of this. Besides, the price of great men rises with the fall in supply. Fifteen hundred for one man, with only £3500 for seventy-nine others, is a lop-sided proportion, especially if one of the seventy-nine is worth five like the fifteen-hundred man. In spite of their "education," a minority of the peasants have in some way grasped the rule-of-three, and since they cannot see the use of further subscriptions at home, the patriots abroad tighten their purse in sympathy.

We have consulted Parliamentarians as to whether the Land Bill could admit of an amendment providing a test colony of the congested to prove whether they were capable of occupying the prairies at an honest price for the land; the uniform opinion is that such a matter must be in the discretion of the Lord-Lieutenant, and that such a provision in the Bill would be irrelevant—though it is the one thing that could be of value in regard to the only real land problem that exists for Ireland. The fact that men have not enough land to live is an imperative reality, but all the other land problems have been invented for party politics, and accordingly the Bill is all about the things that do not matter, without a word about the thing that does. The factor of Executive discretion makes it a matter of accident whether the Lord-Lieutenant for the time treats crime with "sympathy" or puts the law into force; but why not pass a separate Bill for the congested, providing for a test colony and placing the will of Parliament beyond

the vagaries of the Viceroyalty? It would require increased expenditure on police to guard the congested migrant against the grabbers of the League; but it would be novel and instructive to have the police employed in a purpose so constructive.

The Irish genius for destruction, which helps to make Irishmen such fine soldiers, was illustrated on Wednesday in a resolution proposed to the Trades Union Congress by Mr. James O'Grady M.P. declaring the Territorial Army scheme injurious to trade unionism, and pledging the trade unionists to oppose Mr. Haldane's ideal. "It was their duty", added Mr. Hayday, "to render the movement unpopular", on the ground that the Territorials, instead of studying how to cripple their employers and frighten away capital, might "talk of nothing but the expansion of the Empire". The resolution was carried, "no one voting against it", and so we get British trade unionism, under the direction of an Irishman, definitely declared to be in conflict with British patriotism. The presence of a man who leads men so is a distinct damage to the community that includes him; but it helps to show that though Demos may be awake, his eyes are not yet opened.

Do the working classes fully appreciate all the labour leaders in and out of Parliament do for them? Each year now a labour leader's life becomes a greater grind than ever. One of his new duties is to take a trip round the world. Mr. Keir Hardie did this heroically a while ago and helped the English working man in some mysterious way by making great speeches to the natives of India. Now, with equal altruism, Mr. W. Crooks M.P. is preparing to make the same weary, weary trip round the earth, all on behalf of the working classes. And yet a "forced levy" is necessary. How wrong, how shameful! Almost as heroic and as useful to the cause of labour as these world trips is the hard work the leaders put in at the Trades Union Congress each year. They have worked this week in the talking line as hard as ever.

Mr. Ben Tillett was one of the chief heroes. He termed Mr. Haldane "a liar"; and, called to order by Mr. Shackleton, the chairman, cried out that all the members of the Cabinet were "liars". How is it that all working men do not recognise that it is worth having leaders who can say such brave things as these? The very valuable question too was discussed by Mr. Thorne and others—Has the working man a country to call his own? Mr. Thorne seemed to think he has, but another arguer said reproachfully, How could the working men have a country seeing that their great business in life is to combine against the capitalists of the world? We believe that a great number of people who are discontented with themselves and their lot in life spurn the notion of patriotism. Patriotism, they sneer, is all very well for people who are well off and comfortable—it won't do for those who are the reverse. But the argument of the labour leader goes still further. It almost comes to this: that no man can be said to have a country of his own who is intent on getting something substantial out of another man. If this be so, exit the patriot and exit the fatherland.

Dr. Jameson's decision to seek a seat in the first Parliament of United South Africa, instead of devoting his time to Rhodesia, his original intention, piques curiosity. Does it mean that he has been approached with a view to his becoming first Premier? Or does it mean that he has discovered something in the situation which makes it necessary for every friend of the British in South Africa to assert himself? His statement that a coalition arrangement, making for the total disappearance of racial difficulties, is now out of the question may open the eyes of some people to the realities of the situation. Perhaps the intention to adhere to old party lines may even have opened Dr. Jameson's eyes. Whatever the inward-

ness of his changed plans, they clearly point to one conclusion—party spirit in South Africa still stands in the way of that new-found union of hearts which made the passing without serious amendment of the Act of Union imperative in the future interests of the colonies. Racism is not only not dead: it is not even dying.

Lord Kitchener's farewell order to the Indian Army strikes the note of the strong man confident that his seven years' work will endure. They have been seven years of trial, through which the Army has passed untouched by the insidious propaganda of the Nationalist "reformers". Lord Kitchener says that all efforts to corrupt the loyalty of the native soldier have been unavailing. To no small degree the credit for that fact belongs to himself. Like all truly strong men, he has shown himself considerate of everyone who has worked under him; he has encouraged the officers and men alike to assume responsibility and take personal initiative, and the reforms he has introduced have compassed at once the strategic position of the country and the welfare of the Army. At a time when the enemy without has in some measure given place to the enemy within, Lord Kitchener's influence on the domestic economy of the Indian Army has been not less important than his work on the frontier.

The Spaniards are setting about the serious business of the Riff campaign with a spirit and a thoroughness that are the best answer to their critics. On Saturday last the Moors used the white flag as cover for an attack, and on Monday the Spaniards sent out two columns to administer punishment, which they did in the smartest possible way. The Moors will think twice before they abuse the white flag again. Equally smart has been the police work at home by which the anarchist leader, Señor Ferrer, who is believed to have been responsible for the Barcelona rising, has been captured.

The fillip given to aviation by the week at Rheims continues to keep men in the air. Marseilles will have its fortnight; Brescia has its week; Tournai, Blackpool, and Brussels are preparing for theirs. Lest people should embark upon these projects too lightheartedly, aviation has claimed its victim in M. Lefebvre, whose death at Juvisy on Tuesday last was a sharp reminder to his fellows of the perils that wait upon the conquest (save the mark!) of the air. M. Lefebvre was one of the three Wright pupils who all succeeded in distinguishing themselves at the recent meeting. From the first he was noticed for his unusual daring in the turning of corners and in flying at a high altitude. Whether he fell the victim of his own peculiar daring, or of the danger that is, at this stage, inseparable from any attempt to fly, cannot definitely be known.

The record for cross-country flight achieved on Wednesday morning by Colonel Cody brings us definitely into the arena as a competitor. Forty miles in sixty-three minutes is not a record either for time in the air or distance covered, yet it is so far better than anything we have done that it may be regarded as a legitimate source of national gratification. If Colonel Cody came down rather suddenly, smothered in oil, this was only because he tried to keep up too long. Meanwhile prizes are being offered for the British aviator who can fly a British-made machine. There is the £4,000 of Baron de Forrest, and there is the medal of the North British Academy of Arts, Science, Literature, and Music. It remains to find some candidates.

The Pole has been discovered again, and, this time, there seems to be no doubt about it. The contrast between the ways in which the two announcements fell upon the world was complete. That of Commander Peary was loud. As for Dr. Cook, he has made a muddle of his case, if ever he had one. At first he almost seemed ashamed of his achievement, and the news went wandering about the world asking to be taken in. Then, when it had contrived to get itself printed, it proved inconclusive, matter for faith only, with the evidence making off in another direction.

No distance North, and not out of sight of land!—so Peary vows. Peary wishes to make short work of Dr. Cook's claim to have been there first. Certainly he has no doubt about his own title, witness his telegram to President Taft making him a present of the Pole and its appurtenances. President Taft is to be congratulated on not having allowed his head to be turned, and on replying in a fashion entirely non-committal. The personal tone that the controversy has assumed is a pity. "He took my dogs", says one. "Yes, but he took my victuals", says the other. It will be humanly interesting to see the two men publicly confronted. Meanwhile our own Geographical Society does well, perhaps, to reserve its recognition of the prior discovery.

As was to be expected, the Committee appointed to consider the question of holding London County Quarter Sessions at the Old Bailey has reported against the plan. There were two strong influences against it—that of the City Corporation and that of the Bars of the present Sessions. Taking the Sessions to the Old Bailey would abolish the sole control of the City over the Old Bailey and bring in the conjoint control of the County Council. It would also let in as competitors for the practice with the Sessions Bars that now have the monopoly of it other barristers who do not belong to them.

Thus the dreams of the lives of Sir Edward Clarke and Sir Harry Poland, according to their own statements, are not to be fulfilled. Both these distinguished Old Bailey advocates believed the plan was possible and best, in addition to convenience and dignity, for such interests of justice as the speedy trial of prisoners. They believed that the difficulties about accommodation and the staff at the Old Bailey, which the report lays so much stress on, could be managed. If the City were in love with the project no doubt it could. Now a new Sessions House will have to be built at considerable cost, either on the present Newington site or elsewhere. The Newington site would be more economical; an available site in Bloomsbury would be more convenient. In all probability it will be the latter that will be chosen; and it has long been spoken of.

Several ladies, and no man, have lately retired from the profession of literature on the ground of insufficient appreciation. That is the worst of making literature a profession, instead of simply writing. People who simply write have never need to retire, even for an advertisement. In fact, no one can retire who ought to be writing. The latest to retire is "Frank Danby", confessing to a circulation of forty thousand, and complaining that she cannot achieve fame. How could she expect fame on a circulation like that? She might have studied the fate of Miss Corelli and Mr. Hall Caine. Still, there may be something in it that we do not understand. Mark Twain's account of his own death increased his sales, and Mr. William O'Brien preserves his political popularity by retiring from public life at least once in five years. Every time he returns he finds public life still alive, and so it will be with literature, though it need not be so with many books.

Leaders of the two great parties, the "Times", judges of the High Court, and various other people of overrated authority may breathe again; for, as we understand, Mr. Harris is giving them and himself a holiday. "Vanity Fair" is turning over a new leaf. We wish it all good luck. It has been for some while past somewhat startling at times, even personal in its criticisms. But many of its notes have been good to warm oneself by: Mr. Harris, as man of letters and of journalism, touches nothing which he does not set on fire. He burns—and it must be said he often tries to make others fizzle too. He has another merit that has made "Vanity Fair" often so good to dip into—he writes with force and simplicity that uncommon language the English. We hope he will continue writing it, even at the possible cost of the statesmen, judges, bankers and Oxford and Cambridge.

AS THE POLES ASUNDER.

"WHY do they believe Shackleton and Peary if they won't believe me?" The question is to the point, and we shall answer it.

The week just passed has chronicled an achievement for which the world has waited nearly four hundred years. There has been a fascination about the search for the North Pole which has continued undimmed down the ages because of the apparently eternal inaccessibility of the goal. Now we are confronted by two claimants for the highest honour an explorer can obtain—the attainment of 90 deg. N. There are four alternatives in the competition for credibility: A and B may be both right or both wrong; A may be right and B wrong, or B may be right and A wrong. Each has made a categorical claim; how are these alternatives to be tested and settled?

When an explorer returns and says he has done a specific thing, he is entitled to be taken at his word; and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, before the polite exchange of compliments is over, he has spontaneously produced evidence of the truth of his statements. When Lieutenant Shackleton returned from the neighbourhood of the South Pole a few months ago, his first announcement was accepted as accurate; but while the man in the street in his thousands was reading the long telegram, there were half-a-dozen keen minds at work jotting down the positions on maps, calculating mileages and dividing them by days, setting one statement against another, so that if any discrepancy existed it would be brought to light. Some of these were friends of the explorer, never doubting the truth of what he said; some perhaps were critics who had predicted that the expedition would be a failure, anxious to vindicate their own prescience at the expense of the explorer's reputation; and some were mere scientific Gallios caring neither for the honour nor the discredit of the man, but simply desirous of testing the statements before accepting them. The public never heard of this; it probably does not yet know whether Shackleton has proved his assertions; or faces the world on the mere statement of what he has done. The public does not know, but the experts do, that no discrepancy was found in Shackleton's story; that all his original records have been examined and corroborated by independent authorities; and that, all the time it read of honours and fêtes, no honour worth having was offered without tests having been made, and no distinction bestowed until the word of a man no one dreamed of doubting was established out of the mouths of two or three witnesses. So the public does not know how much weighing of probabilities, how much "ringing up" of people specially fitted to form opinions, took place in the newspaper offices, before the headlines which appeared a few hours after the first telegrams came in were penned. It is worth while to glance at the sort of evidence which led the newspaper man—who is anxious not to mislead his readers—to hit upon the headlines: one day, "Reported Discovery of the North Pole by Dr. Cook"; and a few days later, "Peary reaches the Pole".

To begin with the reason for the more positive statement, Commander Robert E. Peary is an American who is able on occasion to speak great swelling words on the greatness of his nation and his own destinies; not the sort of speeches which a British explorer would make; in fact, when only his first writings were known, sixteen years ago, they did not attract much attention in this country, nor was the man looked upon as a very serious explorer. But Peary went on; year after year he went up into the Arctic; year after year his reports attracted more and more attention; at length in 1897 he came to London and gave a lecture to the Royal Geographical Society. The Arctic veterans of the Franklin Search saw him, questioned him about his experiences, and pronounced him good. His maps were fitted into the framework of earlier explorers of repute of many nations, and they were found to fit. Whenever Peary made a statement, important or trivial, that could be confronted with the statement of a known authority or another of his own, the two were com-

pared; whenever he produced a photograph it was found to correspond with description. In a word, Peary conquered prejudice and proved that he was truthful; and the confidence of the Royal Geographical Society—a tribunal the adverse verdict of which means the non-bestowal of rewards—was expressed by giving him one of the coveted gold medals. Year after year Peary went on, forcing his way farther and farther into the shifting wastes of the frozen sea, and year after year he came back in the bitterness of disappointment, having done his best, but yet confessing failure. Had he been the sort of man who would tell a lie he could have done it. He knew so much of the Far North that it would probably never be detected; but the man who can do what Peary had done up to 1907 is the kind of man who cannot tell lies regarding what is nearest to his heart; and he is the kind of man who shows unasked to competent authorities the proofs which would reveal any deviation from truth in his narrative. Each year Peary had proved one fresh point in his reasoned scheme for reaching the Pole. He tamed the shy savagery of the Arctic Highlanders, and won the respect of these mistrustful people, so that they were ready to follow him over the sea-ice in the darkness of the Arctic night. He tested the powers of the Eskimo dogs, the amount of provisions requisite to accomplish a given number of miles; in fact he worked out like a mathematical problem the conditions precedent to reaching the Pole. Thus when he went North last year, an old man as polar explorers go, full of experience, with perfect equipment and a volcanic fervour of desire to reach the Pole this time, his friends knew that it was not the applause of success he was striving for, but the thing itself. The public were quick to see that the man who had left so little to do in the matter of miles to travel, who had many a time gone through hardships as great as he could ever be called upon to face, could be trusted not to depart from his own tradition of first telling the truth and then probability or inconsistency; and what they heard gave the London newspapers printed the headline "Peary reaches the Pole" they had questioned London geographers who know Peary as an intimate friend, and Arctic travellers, keen to detect the slightest improbability or inconsistency; and what they heard gave them full confidence in the man and in his word. We know that Peary will submit his records not to satisfy doubt, but to confirm belief; and if anyone can then prove them to be in error the fact will not be hidden. In the case of Peary we judge the man by the flawless record of his past; and, what will appeal even more strongly to some minds, by the fact that Captain Bartlett, the captain of his ship, who was with him, confirms the news.

Dr. Frederick A. Cook may, for all we know to the contrary, have reached the Pole a year before Peary. He says that he did so. He was subjected, so far as he would subject himself, to the same tests as Shackleton and Peary. In 1891-92 he had been a member of one of Peary's North Greenland expeditions, and there he became acquainted with the Eskimo. But Peary and he did not go out together again. In 1897 Cook joined the Belgian Antarctic expedition, and for a ghastly year he lived on board the "Belgica", drifting helplessly in the Antarctic floe. He wrote an eminently readable book on the expedition, full of rhetorical outbursts—not very much more extravagant than some of Peary's. His companions liked him, but they did not all take him too seriously. Later Dr. Cook made a notable expedition in Alaska, and started to scale the giant heights of Mount Mackinlay, the loftiest peak of North America. He made the last stages of the ascent alone, and wrote a book describing the achievement. Mountaineers are keen on the first climbing of virgin peaks, they keep careful records of such exploits, and a man is had in reputation when he establishes by definite rules his claim to such distinction. This Cook failed to do. He had no evidence to offer but his word. He had no observations to show, no companion to substantiate his statements. His experiences struck experienced mountaineers as almost more than improbable. We

have, however, no proof that Dr. Cook did not climb Mount Mackinlay, and we do not say that he did not.

Now comes the statement that he has reached the Pole at the first attempt. Ploughing with the heifer of Commander Peary, he has solved his riddle; but unfortunately the answer is not convincing. We should find it easier to believe that Cook reached the North Pole than that several other statements in his narrative were correct. He had a year to write a telegram, and yet he states that the telegram as despatched from Lerwick and printed in the Paris edition of the "New York Herald" is full of telegraphic and typographic mistakes. He gave a temperature of 83 deg. below zero Centigrade, and when the absurdity of such a degree of cold was pointed out, he said he meant Fahrenheit, and that 83 deg. below zero Fahrenheit is quite common in the Arctic regions. Let it be granted that the Lerwick telegraph clerk or the Paris printer deliberately changed "Fahrenheit" to "Centigrade", the fact remains that no polar expedition ever found a temperature lower than 73 deg. below zero Fahrenheit, so far as we have been able to discover. Then the observations of latitude were given to the nearest second, and the telegram laid great stress on the seconds. A second of latitude is 100 feet; to be within two or three miles of the truth is exact enough for any polar traveller, and in later interviews Cook says that is all he claims. But the crowning marvel of the journey—greater even than going to the Pole with no white companions, but only two Eskimo boys—was that Dr. Cook solemnly says to newspaper reporters, to Princes, Kings, and even to Professors, that he left all his records, his diaries, his observations, his instruments—the charter of everlasting fame, the insurance policy against infamy—in Greenland, to be forwarded thence to America, while he came on by a Danish steamer to Europe.

WORRYING "THE TRADE".

THE House of Commons in Committee has been wading chin-deep in the technicalities of the licensing laws, and the gentlemen of the long robe have been thoroughly enjoying themselves. The subtleties of unearned increment and site value were bad enough, but they were child's play compared with the valuation of hotels and public-houses whose annual value exceeds £500 a year. The law of licensing is embedded in a series of statutes running back for over a century, and most barristers who are briefed in public-house cases are specialists. Is it not scandalously absurd that an attempt should be made to amend and consolidate this most difficult branch of municipal law by three or four sections in the Finance Bill, discussed by an exhausted and exasperated Committee in the month of September? We do not profess to understand—and we do not believe anybody else does—on what basis of valuation the new licences for hotels and public-houses assessed at over £500 a year are to be levied. The compensation value under the Act of 1904 is to be turned into annual value, and the new duties are to be half that amount. The capital sum to be awarded as compensation for the extinction of a licence under the Act of 1904 is arrived at by a multiplication of the annual difference between the value of a house with and without a licence, and that sum is added, we believe, to a multiplication of the profits or business done. How is that sum to be turned back again into annual value? Of course the Government originally intended to leave the whole matter to the officials of the Treasury and the Commissioners of Excise. My Lords of the Treasury were to make "regulations", and the clerks of Somerset House were to do sums in arithmetic, and between these bands of confederates the unhappy licensee was to be tossed about and comforted with an illusory right of appeal to the judges, who could only hand him back, after making an order for the payment of costs, to his tormentors. The "trap", however, was discovered in time, and once exposed had to be hastily abandoned by the Government. The appeal to the Courts, though costly it must be, will be on all points, and will at least protect the

hotels and large public-houses against the arbitrary extortion of the myrmidons of Mr. Lloyd George.

The only part of these clauses which is comparatively clear is that relating to the public-houses under £500 a year assessed value and the beer-houses. The publican's licence duty is to be half the annual value of the premises, and the beer-house duty is to be a third of that value, with minimum duties which must in the case of a great many beer-houses exceed the annual value of the premises. A great deal of parliamentary time has been wasted by the folly of the Government in trying to settle by statute the peculiarly intimate relations of business between the manufacturer and the retailer of liquor. It is intended by the Bill to enable the publican to recover from the brewer the excess of duty now proposed to be levied, just as an ordinary tenant deducts from his rent the income tax under Schedule A which is collected from him. But this endeavour to protect the tied tenant from his landlord merely illustrates the absurdity of laws which try to regulate the private bargains of men. The difference between a free and a tied house is largely illusory. The number of so-called "free houses" whose occupiers have sufficient capital to buy their beer and spirits with ready money is infinitesimal. The licensee of a free house who is obliged to buy his liquors on credit is just as much tied to his brewer and distiller as the tenant of a tied house. Every man who owes another money is tied to his creditor, in which sense most people are tied to their bankers. The manufacturers and retailers of liquor are in fact partners, who, on the whole, get on very well together, and certainly do not require the intervention of a Government official or a judge to settle the terms of their partnership for them, or to enforce its obligations. It may be taken for granted that the brewers will pay the excess duties—if they can. But is it not obvious that in nine cases out of ten the brewer must do one of three things—raise the rent, or increase the price of his beer, or shut up the house? What is the use of giving the tenant a legal right to recover the excess of duty as a debt if the landlord cannot afford to repay him without raising his rent or his price? The Prime Minister indeed hinted broadly, with sardonic humour, that the beer might be watered. Higher prices for worse beer, or ruin, seems to be the alternative before a great many brewers and publicans. Another very objectionable feature is the new "register" that is to be compiled by the Somerset House officials from "returns" of the most intimate character extracted from the publicans. Details as to his methods and profits in business of a far more searching and confidential character than those now demanded for the purposes of income tax are to be tortured out of the publican by the inquisitor of excise. The only comfort is that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is here on the line of greatest resistance, as he may discover before he is many months older.

THE CULT OF THE COW-HUNTER.

THE increase in lawlessness required to make the Land Bill workable, especially the compulsory provisions, has now to be reckoned against the like results of throwing out the measure, and the decision is not more difficult for the Lords than the alternatives are tragic to Ireland. With more than £50,000,000 worth of land sold beyond the financial provision to pay for it, there was obviously no need for compulsion, unless to get the land for less than the honest price. For years lawlessness has been elaborately organised to lower the price of the land, with the increased land hunger raising it at the same time. On the whole, the price has risen, in spite of the lawlessness, and now the Government tries to accommodate the law-breakers, reinforcing the terrors of the League by the terrors of the law, to suit the cult of the parliamentary cow-hunters, to whom peace is public death. Men were shot to make them sell their property at the buyer's price, but they refused, and now the House of Commons comes to the assistance of the moonlighter, "in accordance with Irish ideas". The law-breaker

having failed to depress the price of land, Parliament is asked to reinforce law-breaking, and the Commons have already consented. Up to now there has been at least a pretence of governing Ireland; this is the first time that "Government" has openly undertaken to realise the purpose of the criminal for him by legislation.

The compulsion by the law has not even the merit of superseding the compulsion by the League, which is but stimulated by it. While Mr. Birrell has been contriving his clauses, his Irish allies have been contriving their crimes to correspond; and already a League message is passed in confidence through the country to the effect that no rent must be paid to the landlord who does not welcome sale by force, with its necessary element of confiscation. Recent attempts to recover rent overdue have shown resistance to the law organised with a perfection worthy of the darkest days, and indicating evident inspiration from headquarters. Yet for twenty-seven years there has been a statutory tribunal at work to revise unfair rents, and in that period the total rental of Ireland has been reduced about forty per cent. With the institution of the "fair rent" tribunal which has worked so generously to the tenant, an end of rent agitation was promised; but all through last winter the region of Loughrea was virtually in a state of siege, with the police in the district increased more than tenfold, every man armed night and day. The police authorities expect the coming winter to be worse than the last. Compulsory sale implies statutory arbitration, but it is obviously easier to menace the arbitrator than the owner, the latter having so much more to lose, not to mention how the official system comes more and more under the sway of the agitator and the criminal every day. Official valuers are now found inspecting estates for purchase during the day, and during the night denouncing the owners as persons who ought to be cast out without a penny; and these Government officials are appointed practically at the dictation of the League and the priests; who can make the law unworkable should their nominees be refused. The whole plea for compulsion has been founded on the need to relieve congestion; but it is now openly confessed by Mr. John Dillon that the League will not permit the removal of the congested, so that the crime may not be compensated by the claim that necessitates it. "No Mayo men in Roscommon", shout the Roscommon Leaguers. The quotation is from Mr. Dillon, and though he lives between the two counties, with the congested behind him and the prairies before him, he dares not attempt the purpose for which the compulsory sale of the land is required with the confiscation incidental to it. The landlord must be forced to sell, by arbitration under terror; but the League grabs the land for its own favourites, and congestion remains as before, a problem to perpetuate crime for the convenience of those who base the security of their statesmanship on their capacity for lawlessness. The rapid progress of land purchase outside congestion has been increasing a class of peasant proprietor for whom agrarian war has no more attraction, and the parliamentary purse has run down in proportion; but congestion remains, an asset too rich to be easily given up. In the evidence before the Royal Commission on Congestion several years ago it was shown, even with documentary proof, how the priests prevented the removal of the congested from their parishes, and the facts were enough to check that; but since then the scheme to perpetuate congestion has been set to work from the other end, with the peasants round the prairies organised to keep out the unfortunate congests. There are no regions in Ireland so valuable as the congested districts to the interests that flourish on the ruin of the country.

Such is the outlook, assuming the Bill passed as it stands, and the outlook for its rejection is still worse. In that case Mr. Dillon is to "let loose the dogs of war", as if the strife of the past had not been dog-like enough; and he is eloquently supported by Father Henry, parish priest of Foxford, who advises the people of Mayo that "you must take the matter into your own hands, and no power and no effort will stop you from doing so"—after all that Mr. Birrell and Mr. Russell have done to conciliate the clergy in the interests of good government! It is hard to see how the Lords could

reject the Bill, and it is harder to see how they could pass it as it stands; but they can amend it, especially its criminal clauses, and their conflict with the Commons then stands on the footing of an attempt to preserve Ireland from barbarism. One way to modify the criminal effect of the compulsory clause would be by declaring it inoperative on any estate where the compulsion of the League was exercised in sympathy with it; but that would necessarily be in the discretion of the Executive Government for the time, and probably the safest course is to put out compulsion wholly. For this course there is the farther ground that the whole nine counties to be scheduled as congested do not contain enough land to end congestion, even assuming the opposition of the priests and the League withdrawn. The most valuable provision of all would be a test colony of migrants, capitalised and directed for the utmost production from their new farms; but this, too, is regarded by the legislators as a matter of Executive discretion, while the Executive itself is controlled by those who keep congestion as their milk cow. The British side of the business is still more grave. It is the first statutory attempt in our time to transfer real property by force, unless in exceptional areas for the collective convenience, as in the building of a railway or the widening of a street; and a principle so far-reaching, once sanctioned by the State, as it is already by the House of Commons, could hardly have its location confined to one side of the Channel. Ireland is a bore, we know, but if the Lords cannot defend Irish individual liberty they must at least consider the logical effect on their right to own their own property in Great Britain. Coerced by Irish anarchy, compromised by British socialism, and dependent on the Parliamentary gag to put five-sixths of the scheme through the Commons without discussion, the Government have done this thing; and now it remains for the House of Lords to say for the nation whether the time has come to initiate a change in the law of property which would be even more revolutionary to the social basis than a transition to republicanism. If "priests and people" must go on destroying each other in Ireland, that is no reason for intruding the methods of their destruction elsewhere, and the Lords are faced by an issue that goes far farther than Ireland. The question is whether the national conscience has become so degraded as to tolerate the methods of those who call themselves the Government.

IN AETHERIAS AURAS.

ENGLAND has achieved a record, the first of its kind in this country. Colonel Cody has hitherto been measuring his period of flight in minutes. He can now measure it in hours; in fact, it works out at about one and one-twentieth hours. It is the first creditable performance of an aeroplane upon English soil. For airships there is, of course, a national record of longer memory. There was the achievement of last August, when the airship of Captain Lovelace succeeded in killing a spectator. There are the less remarkable performances of the "Nulli Secundus", which sailed all the way from Aldershot to London in October 1907. But it never got home, being wrecked on the point of return, when it lay at anchor at the Crystal Palace. Now we have a real record. In this connexion it must be remembered that there are few aviators who do not possess a record of some kind—for altitude, for distance, for time in the air, for speed, for flight with a passenger, for Channel-crossing, and so forth. It seems necessary, therefore, to be very particular in setting forth the nature of this new record. Briefly, it is a record for cross-country flight, as distinguished from other kinds. So far as this goes we are at the moment supreme in the air.

The phrase "conquest of the air", adopted and used by many of the writers upon this subject, is a little premature, not to say presumptuous. Man at present is at best barely tolerated above the surface of the earth. He is a slave to the idiosyncrasies of a new element. For instance, he endeavours to make himself as light as possible. This is humouring the caprices of the slave

he has "conquered" with a vengeance. It is a case of that direct imitation which is flattery. The air possessing no weight as compared with itself, let us make ourselves as flimsy as possible, and the air will acknowledge the compliment by being kind. This is not "conquest", but subjection. If this is "conquest", then leaves and feathers have made some headway, for they can travel when the wind is good to them. We are, in truth, only just beginning to feel our way very feebly, and it will be a case of fair-weather flights for many long days. Even birds and insects, with their superb equipment, are mostly helpless in squalls and gales. Comparatively an aeroplane is a much flimsier construction than the smallest bird, and its adjustments are not instinctive.

One way to conquest, in the real meaning of the word, seems to lie, not in the direction of getting rid of our special attribute as creatures possessing weight, but in the direction of making use of that very attribute to bring into subjection a hostile element. At present weight, with the aviator, is a disadvantage, a clog; whereas with the best fliers of nature, the greater birds, weight is part and parcel of their power to fly. It balances the flier and gives momentum. It is part of the driving force. The aeroplane, if it is to be a "conqueror" of the air, and of high practical utility, must harness weight and bring it to its aid as nature does. If it fails to do this, then it must probably remain subject to the caprices of the air, and its only government will be that which rules by obeying. Aviation, that is to say, will remain more of a sport than a serious means of adding to man's control of natural agencies.

The experiments at Rheims should not be allowed to fill the horizon too exclusively. The monoplane and the biplane are part of an endeavour to adapt the principle of bird-wing flight to practical aviation; and it is premature to eliminate from consideration possibilities that lie elsewhere. It will be remembered that Mr. Edison, in September last year, gave it as his opinion that any attempt to develop the art of flying by imitation of the natural flight of a bird would break down owing to the fact that the wings of a bird act automatically, whereas the movements of the type of aeroplane with which we are now so familiar depend upon the reasoned adjustments of the aviator. A practicable aeroplane would have to be automatic in its action, the human element acting merely in the control of mechanism, as in the case of the steam-engine. But, while he doubted of the future of that type of machine which has just, in the forms of monoplane and biplane, come through the ordeal at Rheims with surprising success, he nevertheless predicted that in five years there would be a transatlantic service of flying machines carrying passengers! He pinned his faith upon the helicoptal aeroplane, a circular arrangement of planes making use of the principle of the spiral and steadied by a gyroscope. In face of a declaration from such a source the Rheims controversy concerning the relative merits of monoplane and biplane fade into very thin air, especially as the evidence is by no means conclusive. The honours were so evenly divided that dogmatism is as impossible after the event as it was before. Mr. Curtiss won the speed race in a biplane; but M. Blériot in a monoplane travelled with the greatest speed over ten kilometres. Mr. Henry Farman on a biplane flew farthest; but Mr. Latham on a monoplane was not very badly beaten. The controversy cannot really be regarded as of much importance at a stage when the ultimate form and principle of the flying machine is still matter of conjecture. The Rheims week will have done more harm than good if it has tended to stereotype the art of flying. If the bird-wing principle has brought itself into such prominence that endeavours in other directions are discouraged, the "conquest" of the air may be retarded rather than accelerated by this meeting of experts. It is true that M. Paulhan flew in a wind blowing at a rate of twenty-five miles an hour, and that Mr. Farman carried aloft two passengers at passengers' risk. These are episodes. Against them are to be set others which persuade in a contrary sense. Mr. Orville Wright's passenger was killed last year, and M. Lefebvre paid the penalty of the world's dawning confidence in the Wright machine last Tuesday.

THE CITY.

MR. HARRIMAN is dead, and so passes away one of the most remarkable figures in American railway finance. An autocrat, his schemes demanded autocratic methods, and were generally for the public good. Without him the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific roads might have been languishing in the hands of a Receiver. There is no need for panic. The railways he controlled are now well established on a financial basis, and can run by themselves. His illness was exploited in the characteristic Wall Street manner. The wonder is that any solid basis is ever found for making a market in securities when such slender threads as a man's temperature can pull down the whole fabric. Speculators in American securities have been provided with ample sensation this week, and the net result to real investors is a heavy depreciation in their holdings. Other markets have not been very satisfactory. Cheap money would seem to have lost its power of raising prices, and it is waste of energy for financial advisers to dwell upon its advantages when seeking to guide investment. The cynic will tell you that everything now goes by contrary in the Stock Exchange, and that the only thing that will bring about an improvement in gilt-edged securities is an international war, everything else having failed. Perhaps when the holiday season is really over and men's thoughts are once more directed to serious business we may find views change: certainly it is remarkable in presence of many favourable factors that so much pessimism prevails. Encouraging from the City point of view are the latest trade returns. Compared with the corresponding month of last year, imports in August show an increase of 13.2 per cent. and exports of 5.8 per cent. There is still much leeway to be made up before the decline of the first five months of the year is effaced, but all the indications are in favour of further improvement—apart from the prospect of new trouble in the Welsh coal trade.

The issuing house will no doubt claim a big success for the Cuban loan. If the City generally were consulted on the matter the very reverse would be stated. For the man in the street was given no opportunity of subscribing. The loan was considered too good to go outside a favoured few, and though it was advertised on Wednesday that the subscription list was open, only about thirty minutes was allowed for sending in applications. Meantime a premium of 3 per cent. had been established on the bonds. Thus once again the investor is shut out from participating in the good things that are supposed to be created from time to time for his special benefit. There is of course nothing dishonest or immoral in these proceedings, but it is not surprising that the public are disgusted, considering how they are solicited when loans of more doubtful character are offered them. We are promised many more loans in the next few weeks, and large numbers of industrial issues are pending. The creation of new rubber companies continues. Scarcely a day passes without an appeal for capital for the development of some estate. There seems no lack of funds for the purpose, despite the long wait before the majority can earn adequate dividends. Wild rubber propositions have the pull over newly planted estates, as the trees are ready for immediate tapping, and profits accrue from the commencement of operations. Prices obtained are considerably below the cultivated product, but where labour is plentiful and ordinarily cheap there is always a big margin of profit. As the supply of cultivated rubber increases—as it must do—and the price comes down to a more reasonable figure, the demand for the wild will correspondingly decrease. Manufacturers now accept wild rubber because there is not enough of plantation to go round, but they prefer the latter, even though they have to pay a little more. The time, however, is far distant when wild rubber will cease to find a market. Some of the attempts made to interest the public in obscure rubber properties are amusing. We wonder how many people recognise in the much "puffed" Nilambour the old Indian Glenrock—the seventh reconstruction of a mining company formed in 1880!

The recent departure of the Underground Electric

Railways Company of London in publishing a monthly revenue statement has encouraged a hope in a few that our principal home railway companies will follow the example. We sincerely trust not, and those who remember the illusory monthly returns published some years ago by the South-Eastern Railway, and the speculation which they engendered, will deprecate any return to the practice. If any other objection need be urged we would mention the Grand Trunk Railway, the monthly statements of which afford about as much indication of the real financial position of the company as the expert forecasts furnished by the daily press do of the weather. The home railway market is now dead, but however much we should like to see a revival of speculative interest, we hope it may be brought about by other means than those suggested.

The settlement discloses a large "bull" account in Chartered and Gold Fields, and there is evidence of the existence of a big speculative account in Kaffirs generally. This position is not conducive to firm markets, and the weakness of the last few days is thus easily explained. It is possible that a good deal of the stock thrown upon the market in the last débâcle is still being "nursed", as the public have not bought with any freedom in the last two months. Complaint is made that the issuing houses do not give adequate support to the market, but these are not philanthropic institutions, and are "out to make money" as are the Stock Exchange and the public. Their business is to sell shares, not to buy, and only in emergencies do they come forward and take stock. It is not likely that they are going to relieve a lot of speculators of bankrupt holdings. There are many bargains in the Kaffir market, but the public must be prepared to put down the money if it wishes to obtain the full benefit; it is useless to buy to "carry over".

"MID-CHANNEL."

BY MAX BEERBOHM.

NOBLESSE oblige; and Sir Arthur Wing Pinero ought to abandon his cult for low life above stairs. Time was when he gave us glimpses of beauteous Princesses and cynical Dukes. They were not altogether convincing. One seemed to have had something like them in the pages of Ouida and other far less gifted novelists. Perhaps they did not convince even Sir Arthur (then Mr.) Pinero. For in recent years he has concentrated himself more and more closely on a study of the least pleasing elements in the various strata of the middle-class. Uneducated young women aping the manners of their superiors, and educated young women with a lurid streak of commonness in them, have had a particular fascination for him; and very cleverly he has depicted them. But, as an artist, he ought not to allow any one phase of life to master him; and I was hoping that now that he had received the royal accolade, and passed into the pages of Debrett, he would treat himself to other and wider ranges of vision.

Accordingly, "Mid-Channel" is somewhat a disappointment to me. Zoe Blundell, the central person of the play, is yet another sample of that betwixt-and-between type in which Sir Arthur has specialised; and she is much nearer to the class beneath her than to the class above her. She is, indeed, crudely and monotonously vulgar in thought and in speech. I cannot divine in her circumstances any reason why she should be so. She is the daughter of a successful doctor. As such, presumably, she had the advantages of a good nurse and a good governess when she was a child, and of decent, though possibly dull, society when she "came out". In this society, however, moved a very vulgar young man, whose wife she became. She loved him entirely for himself and the good that was in him; for his vulgarity was not counterbalanced by wealth. They were very poor, he and she—so poor that they had to live in that dark and squalid alley, Fitzjohn's Avenue. But in after years, when, through the husband's industry on the Stock Exchange, they had been able to migrate to splendid and salubrious Lancaster Gate, they always looked back on those days of their pathetic early

struggles as the happiest days of their lives. As it had been their specific aim to rise in the social scale, one would suppose that whenever the husband was at home it would have been his wife's aim to refine him. But Sir Arthur's belief in the inevitable vulgarity of stock-brokers is as firm as his belief in the benightedness of Fitzjohn's Avenue. So far from refining her husband, poor Zoe became vulgar herself. Indeed, by the time she is thirty-seven years old, she has outdone him in vulgarity; and he rebukes her for her "damned slang"; whereat she rounds on him with the explanation that it was by contact with the friends whom he used to bring to the house that she lost her natural delicacy of speech. Thus does Sir Arthur show us the irony of life, the canker that may be at the heart of even the fairest rose. A hovel where love is—what more idyllic? But peep within, and you may see there the flash gang of which we know the Stock Exchange to be composed, poisoning with their vile locutions the shell-like ears of Angelina, wife of Edwin. One of these brutes, just arrived, says to her "Let's have a squint at you". Another, being thirsty, asks her to give him "a drop of water". Another, being hungry, suggests "a snack". Others are loudly talking of money as "coin", of children as "kiddies", and so forth and so on. And all these horrid equivalents will, by the time the hostess is verging on middle age, have become ineradicable from her vocabulary. Her only consolation will be that but for them she might not be deemed by Sir Arthur Pinero worthy to be the central figure in one of his plays—nay! might not even be able to smuggle herself in as a subordinate. In "Mid-Channel" there is but one person who is not saliently vulgar; and this is an elderly woman who has little to do with the play, and whose daughter describes herself as "a straight, clean girl". Peter Mottram, the *raisonneur* of the play, is not vulgar only when he is *en train de raisonner*. At such times he becomes quite portentously refined, and evolves the simplest platitudes in terms of most laborious metaphor. He has discovered that not all husbands and wives are as happy together as they appear. But, important though it is that the world should receive this tremendous revelation with as little delay as may be, he involves himself in a long, long disquisition on two flawed vases of Chinese enamel. Another discovery of his is that people, as they grow older, are apt to lose the impulses and illusions of youth; and for him this matter is inextricably interwoven with the aspect of the pewter cups and other trophies of athleticism which he has seen ranged on the sideboards of his friends; and he develops the analogy with a patience that appals. But the greatest of all his discoveries is that on which Sir Arthur bases his play: to wit, that husbands and wives sometimes get on each other's nerves after the passions of youth are spent, and before the acquiescence of eld supervenes. In the bed of the sea, half-way between Folkestone and Boulogne, is a ridge, which has the effect of making the water choppy, and—if you want the analogy worked solemnly out in all its ramifications, you must go to the St. James's: I admire Peter Mottram's patience, but can't copy it.

On the aforesaid basis Sir Arthur might have written a good light comedy. The first act (granted the needless vulgarity of the characters) promises well. Zoe Blundell and her husband agree to bicker no more, and then, by easy gradations, they proceed to bicker worse than ever. No matter that Sheridan did this business perfectly: Sir Arthur does it very well indeed. The trouble is that he (a light-hearted man of the theatre) feels he owes it to his opinion of himself as a thinker, and to his reputation for merciless study of life, to build up a tragedy. Mr. Blundell leaves his wife in Lancaster Gate, and takes a flat, and starts a liaison with a woman who once occupied a good social position, but has been divorced and has since then been associated with various men. As presented by Sir Arthur, she shows no trace of her past advantages, and has all the manners of the least reputable type of chorus girl. In fact, there is no dramatic contrast whatsoever between her and Zoe. This difference she has: she is not Blundell's wife; and so, following a sacred tradition

of the stage, Blundell takes to the bottle. That a middle-aged man of sober habit must suddenly become a drunkard when he separates from his wife and takes a mistress, is a proposition which one's experience of actual life does not support. However, Blundell takes the stage-traditional course. Zoe, meanwhile, visits Italy, and from Siena (a city on which we should like to hear her comments) she wires to a young man who has flirted with her, suggesting that he should come and cheer her up. She becomes his mistress, but, soon after their return to England, learning that he has played with the young affections of the "straight, clean girl", and learning moreover that her husband, for whom she cares far more than for him, is tired of his separation from her, she proceeds to give the young man what he calls "the boot", and goes straight to her husband's flat. Meanwhile, Sir Arthur has been reading "Tess"; and so, after Zoe has forgiven the penitent Blundell his infidelity, she proceeds to confess her own infidelity, under the impression that he will cry quits. Needless to say, Zoe, in real life, would have no such delusion; nor, being the shallow little vulgarian she is, would she feel any need to ease her soul by gratuitously telling the truth. Sir Arthur, however, is out for poignancy. Zoe, cast forth by Blundell, proceeds to the flat of the young man, to see whether he will eventually marry her. She finds that he is now engaged to the "straight, clean girl", and, rather than discommode him, she throws herself out of a window "off". Of course we are thrilled. But the thrill is not a legitimate artistic one. Zoe would no more kill herself than she would have confessed to her husband. Her suicide is a mere device for effect—an effect of physical horror. So why stick at trifles? Why not let the audience actually see Zoe climb on to the window-sill and disappear head over heels?

LETTERS FROM SOLITUDE.

BY FILSON YOUNG.

III.

Connemara.

On a recent afternoon a little party straggled along a Connemara road, and then struck into the mountains. It consisted of, first, two constables, then a peasant woman, then another constable and the sergeant, then the local magistrate who is also the local hotel keeper, his son and clerk, the doctor and myself. The peasant woman was in custody for having that morning struck her mother-in-law, an old woman nearly eighty years of age, over the head with a pair of tongs; and as the old woman was thought to be dying the magistrate was going to take her depositions. So we climbed the mountains, no formality being observed, the prisoner walking a quarter of a mile away from her warders, and all of us intent upon our footing as we strode or leaped from stone to stone, or skirted a brown spongy patch of bog. Then we came to the "village"—four cabins hanging on the mountain side, each no bigger than the inside of a motor-omnibus, and each the centre of a tiny cultivated patch of land, where poor little fragments of crops feebly waved among the rocks. No road or path—just these four cabins and their little plots looking down over the lake-studded plain that lies between these southern hills and the great soaring inland mountains.

We stooped and went into the cabin in which the persons of the drama had their home. In a corner by the peat fire the poor old victim lay groaning on a heap of rags on the earth floor. Her son, a weak, complaining creature, sat beside her holding her hand. The prisoner, his wife—a patient, intelligent woman with a face of strength and suffering—sat on a box opposite to them. No greetings were exchanged. Her two children—beautiful little creatures with dark hair and great violet eyes—sat solemnly and speechlessly together on a tiny bench. The rest of us were crowded somehow into the bare, clean little hut, which was furnished only with a dresser, a table, two chairs, a box and a bench. A few chickens cheeped gently among our feet, and on a bed of heather at the far end of the room the family cow

rustled and sighed. We kept both doors open for light and air, and while the doctor was making his examination I learned the facts.

It was the familiar situation of mother-in-law and daughter-in-law, contracted here into the space of a few square yards. Ten years ago this old woman's son, John let us call him, married this pretty Margaret from another country. She was an heiress, and brought him a dowry of fifty pounds. Old Mary, the mother, resented her coming into the house; old as she was, she still intended to be mistress; but until the fifty pounds was spent they all lived together; the man gave up all attempts at work, and loafed and drank and bullied the wife on whose money he was living. Then—after who knows what shame and suffering in body and mind?—she ran away alone to America, and there lived and worked for two years, regularly sending home money to husband and children—for she had left the two little ones behind her in her flight. She bore a third child soon after she left home; and I suppose the pull of the other children drew her back again, for she returned last winter. Since then there had been continual squabbles and fightings; she had twice to seek the protection of the police from her husband; and on the morning of the tragedy things came to a climax. She was baking a cake of bread for the children's breakfast; the old woman, who did not want bread herself and could not bear that anyone else should have it, threw the cake into the fire. The daughter-in-law turned on her and struck at her with the tongs; they came down on her head, cutting it badly; the son struck at his wife and caught his mother as she fell. The police were sent for, and the prisoner was marched off four miles to the barracks, whence she had now been marched back, presently to be marched to the barracks again—twelve miles' walking—driven five miles in a car to the station, and taken by train to Galway Jail—another two hours' journey: and all day without food. It was indeed a singular circumstance that none of the persons in the drama had eaten anything all that day. The old woman, who had lost a lot of blood and was now very low, was sinking from exhaustion; the son had not made any attempt to feed her or himself. I asked him if there was any milk in the house. "Ah, no, your honour; it's too poor I am to have any milk", he whined; but the prisoner said calmly, "There's some in that cup on the dresser, sir". "Have you an egg?" I asked him. "Ah, niver a one, sir, at all." I looked at the prisoner. "You'll find one under the basin, sir." We beat up the egg in some milk for the old woman, who took a little very reluctantly; and later, when I asked the son if she had finished it, he said she had. "Get up and let me see what you're hiding there." He rose and disclosed the mug, still half full. "Ah, and it's ill in meself I am, your honour, and after needing something to put strength in me." It was only by reference to old-age pensions, wrapped up in an assumption of his love of his mother, that one was able to convince him of the importance of keeping her alive.

The doctor's report being unfavourable, the depositions were taken, much confusion being caused by the ill-put questions of the sergeant. It was something like this—the old woman answering in mournful, wailing, but beautiful broken tones:

Sergeant: "How were you feeling in yourself this morning, Mary?"

Mary: "Oh, it was wake, wake, I was."

Sergeant: "But were ye any waker than usual?" (Question repeated.)

Mary: "It's wake this long time I've been."

Clerk (reading): "I, Mary Manisty, got up early this morning, being in my usual health—"

Sergeant: "Now tell us what happened. Come, on, now; what happened next?"

Mary: "That woman shtruck at me with the tongs, and I'd a been kilt only for me son, and—"

Prisoner (rapidly): "Sure I went to put a cake on the fire for the children, and I niver wished the old woman any harm, and me goin' in fear of me life of that man ever since I came home, and had to run out of the bed from him lasht night, an' I just gave her a tip with the tongs, an' I didn't mean to hurrt her at all."

Sergeant: "Whisht, woman. You'll be able to tell your story in court." (Producing the tongs) "Is this the tongs she shtruck ye with, Mary?"

Mary (whimpering): "Shure it is, your honour, and she'd a kilt me—"

Sergeant: "Where did she shtrike ye?"

Mary (undoing her bandages): "Here, your honour, and I niver wanted her in the house at all, and it's me own house me husband left me—"

Sergeant: "What part of the tongs did she shtrike ye with?"

Prisoner (pointing): "With that part, sir."

Sergeant: "Whisht, woman, now." (To Mary) "Did she shtrike you with the shoulder of the tongs?"

Mary (crying): "On me head."

Sergeant: "But was it with the shoulder of the tongs she hit ye?"

Mary: "It was, long life to your honour."

Clerk (reading): "Margaret Manisty, my daughter-in-law, whom I now see, then struck me on the shoulder with the head of the tongs (produced)—"

Doctor: "No, on the head."

Sergeant: "On the head, with the shoulder of it."

Prisoner: "It was on the head I shtruck her."

Magistrate: "With the shoulder, on the head of her, wasn't it, Mary?"

Stranger: "The shoulder of the tongs, not—"

John: "Ay, and the wall all shattered with blood."

Constable: "Sure it wasn't the head of the tongs at all."

Clerk (correcting): "On the head with the shoulder", etc.

And so on. The dreary little tragedy was reconstructed step by step, the rich quavering wail of the old woman with the great grey eyes and wrinkled face answering the briefer speech of the men and the sweet quiet tones of the younger woman. Through the open doorway, golden in the dying sunlight, lay all of the world that some of them had ever seen—the plain and the mountains and the far-away shining of the sea. Once the baby, who was in the adjoining room, began to whimper, its small voice rising louder in an appeal for attention. Its mother made an instinctive movement towards the sound, but the constable's detaining hand was on her arm and she sat back again, listening to the small voice that none responded to. When the end came, and it was time for the prisoner to start on her long journey to Galway (whence she might possibly never return), she kissed the two little ones tearlessly, and sent the five-year-old girl, a baby herself, in to mind the infant and take up the parent's burden. To her husband or the old woman she spoke no word and made no sign, and marched stoically out with the constable into the golden evening, to be dealt with as the Fates should decree.

It was obvious that the old woman would die from sheer exhaustion if she were not fed; though the doctor, hardened by long experience, merely told them to "mind and feed her up", and departed with the rest of us. A bottle of port, carefully disguised and marked "medicine; a tablespoonful after food", was made ready at the hotel when I got back; the son and several neighbours had promised that someone would come for it in the evening; but no one took the trouble to come, and I went to bed with sad misgivings as to the future of the daughter-in-law and her children if the worst should come to pass.

The third act of the drama took place the next day, which was Sunday. I got a large bottle filled with broth, and with that in one hand and the port in the other started on the four-mile walk to the cabin. It was very hot, and once off the road on the boggy mountains the horse-flies attacked me, and, as both my hands were occupied, bit busily on my unprotected flesh. Whenever I sat down to rest and do battle with them, I was fortified by a vision of the dying old woman, and the many lives that might depend on my errand, and so arrived, physically demoralised but mentally exalted, at the door of the hut. It was barricaded; and only after considerable parley was it opened, and I and my burden admitted. I expected to find that death had come before me; but, on the

contrary, the old woman was sitting up in her corner looking very bright and brisk, the son sitting beside her in the same attitude as yesterday, and a neighbour, who opened the door to me, sitting at talk with them. Amazing vitality! The eighty-year-old victim who the morning before had lost half a pint of blood at least and whom we found in a sinking condition, was apparently on the mend, although she had taken nothing but some stewed tea in the meantime. I was made welcome and received with all honour; but not a drop of my broth or port would the patient touch. When it was put to her lips she sank back and shook her head. This was too much; I remembered the flies, and embarked on cajolery. Here was I, I said, after walking eight miles to bring her something to make her well; would she do something to please me?

"Ay, an' that I would, your honour!"

Then would she take some of the nice broth—just to please me?

"I would indeed, your honour; and" (loudly) "if it was poison itself I'd take it." And with perfect docility she drank down the broth.

But the tragedy was over. She was not going to die; in that case (the magistrate had promised) the prisoner would be released in a few days; and, for good or ill, they would all be together again. So the only thing left was to offer a few words of advice as to the desirability of living and letting live, and so forth. Had they missed her since she had gone? Yes, and indeed they had missed her; missed (although they had not known it) the calm practical strength of her presence, and consciously missed the order and energy she had brought into the feckless little household. Then, if they had missed her for a day, how would it be if she never came back for ten years? That was a fortunate shot, which went well home. They promised readily enough, if she came back, to welcome her and to be kind and not cross to her. The old woman followed me about the room with her great grey eyes, and when I was leaving, kissed my hand and blessed me very prettily; and her beautiful resonant salutation of "Long life to your honour!" followed me out into the hot sunshine.

I confess I was despondent enough about the effect of my advice, although I could not but be happy at their warm recognition of my friendly intention. More than the bottles and the advice, the eight-mile walk I had taken would do them good; and I had all the conventional sensations of bringing away from my mission much more than I had taken to it. Yet, to my great surprise, I heard later that the commonplace advice had produced a wonderful effect, simply because it came from a stranger who could not be suspected of "taking sides"; and that they had acted on it as they would not have acted on the advice of people well known to them and important in their lives. . . . So you see that even in these solitudes one's thread gets caught up and tangled with other threads; for it is often when one is most lonely that one is least alone.

THE OLD OLD STORY.

THE philosophy of Fiction has probably not been properly considered, and Empiricism reigns. Interesting questions cluster about the plot, and the most foolish romance takes us into the deep and sunless places of the human mind. For all the stories in the world are old and moth-eaten, ancient things that were told by our ancestor, Probably Arboreal. They were narrated by the primitive Cave-Woman to Pithecanthropus Erectus as the gentleman was innocently gnawing a bone; we steal from a low-browed, hairy man who hafted an axe on the ooze of malarious rivers, and Pterodactylus came through the forest.

Fiction works on dark, inherited instincts, on irrational impulses, just as the delight in running water and a dark wood is a relic of the time when man was a nomad on the road that leads to "the world's end", and when he who was a Wanderer had to follow the track of the drinkable streams.

A story must be old and follow paths in the brain that have been worn by the passing of ancient stories told by the Cave Woman in the twilight of the race, or the mind fails to grasp it. These primitive stories told in the nursery to Doris, who says she wants "another", are the Forms under which man comprehends all history. They correspond to the Ideas of Time and Space in the Kantian philosophy. Man cares not for historical truth; he is all for romance and Bruce's spider. He is mad for "bonnie Prince Charlie" and a "bleezing" piper: he is for Romance and Queen Mary. The story of Jeanne d'Arc, who was the least of all things in France, touches the heart because it follows the well-worn lines of Cinderella.

It is in this half-realised world that the novelist works and produces effects he knows not how. He makes us recall old things, just as, when the honest watch-dog sees the moon, there stirs in him a remembrance of the days when the packs were out and his ancestor, a gaunt wolf, stretched himself on a long trail in the snows of the Glacial period. In this connexion a curious evolution has been taking place in fiction, and the effect of it is to connect the novel still closer with Probably Arboreal and Pithecanthropus Erectus.

At first the novelist told his story in a bald and straightforward manner. Scott was hardly an artist, and when he uses a subsidiary theme it does not blend with the main current of the story. It is a matter of juxtaposition and propinquity in time, and the Waverley Novels consist of two threads ravelled together. Charlotte Brontë and Jane Austen all tell their tale in the simple and straightforward manner of Scott. But Dickens has advanced far beyond Scott, and in his hands a process to which we may give the name of "Echoing" is full grown. His characters all rise with shadows of Fate projected across them. In the course of the story incidents are related which dimly resemble the circumstances of the principal figures and the subsidiary theme is an "Echo" of the main plot.

Perhaps one of the most artistic uses of a process to which for the moment we may give the name of Echoing is to be found in Mrs. Johnston's "Old Dominion". A ship tacks up the estuary of the Chesapeake, a criminal sits in the straw of the hold. He stands in sharp contrast to Mistress Patricia in her pride, her Venice lace, her shoes "galooned with silver". It scarcely needs a child's discernment to know that before the end of the vexed tale, he who is down will be exalted. This is the main thread, but it is Echoed by countless episodes. Hints of the doom to which the story climbs are scattered along the course of the book; the footsteps of Fate are heard approaching. There is the tale of the man and the lone woman who live for love's sake in a forest rimmed about with wolves and the lean red Indian. "We shall die that way," the lone woman says quietly, "but what does it matter so that we die together?" . . . "You are happy?" Mistress Patricia asks as her pride melts. And then, with a light on her face, the lone woman answers, "Yes, I am happy!" So she and the lone man die in a burning house, and over the intervening space the mind takes a leap; we know the end to which the tale of Mistress Patricia and the broken man travels.

But, though this is a new development in the novel, the practice of later writers varies in the most interesting manner. Hardy scarcely uses this subtle method, or, if he uses it, it is in a simple and rudimentary form. The dominant idea in his novels is always that of a vast and unbroken succession in time, and when Knight goes over the cliff in "A Pair of Blue Eyes", he is to be with the geological ages in his death and to be reduced to the same state as the fossilised Trilobites, the zoophytes, the mollusca he sees embedded in the grit of the cliff over which he hangs suspended. Hardy, in the main, uses the Echo in a simple form, and in the "Woodlanders", which is a tragedy, the ancient pain of the world twists the trees into shapes that have the horror of Dante's forest. Melbury and his daughter "elbowed old elms and ashes with great

forks in which stood pools of water that overflowed on rainy days and ran down their stems in green cascades", and "the Unfulfilled Intention . . . which makes life what it is, was as obvious here as it could be among the crowds of a city slum". It is an omen; the least observant reader cannot fail to note the subtle hint which it is the business of the artist to instil that the book creeps onward to a tragedy and to that scene where Marty tends a lone grave. But, though Hardy uses the Echo for the most part in this simple and rudimentary form, there is a fine instance in "A Pair of Blue Eyes", though, even in this, the idea is not complex.

Stephen and Elfride walk hand in hand to the village churchyard on a night of joy, and, as he sits down on a flat tombstone, he attempts to draw her towards him.

"No, not here", she says.

"Why not here?"

"A mere fancy", the girl answers, and in the tale she sits down beside him. It is spring in that world, and Stephen and Elfride, who feel the throb of the mounting blood, have much to say to one another, ancient things that were well worn when Noah was thoughtfully awaiting the return of the dove. He asks her if she had never loved another, and when Elfride vows that she has never before recognised another sweetheart, the youth blunders on.

"But", he asks, "did nobody ever love you?"

And Elfride hesitates. "Yes," she admits, "a man did once, 'very much' he said." "Where is he now?" Stephen asks. "Here," she answers. "Here," the man says, "what do you mean by that? . . . Where here?"

"Under us. He is under this tomb. He is dead, and we are sitting on his grave." It is an omen and the story climbs to a tragedy. But this use of the method of Echoing is simple and primitive and hardly has the subtlety of the process in its fully developed form, nor the delicacy which is shown by Dickens and other writers who have so often used this method to hint at the climax to which their stories move, the tragic pain with which they are infused.

But, if Mr. Hardy uses this method with hesitation and reserve, the thing is practically full-grown in the hands of Dickens. He is full of hints and foreshadowings; the characters are seen in a Romantic light. When David Copperfield arrives, lonely and weary, at his school, he sees one name carved high on the school-room door, and it is the name of "J. Steerforth". It is an omen and a premonition of the coming doom, the sad ending of the tender tale of Little Em'ly, when, on a night of joy, Mr. Peggotty sets a guttering candle in the window, and when dazed and bewildered he cries, "Em'ly fur away . . . Well!" Even Little Em'ly climbs about the knotty and gnarled knees of the "bachelore" with hints of the far-off end. Ham stands looking long and earnestly at a streak of oily light that lies like a far-off flaw on the surface of the deep. He does not know why he stares at it, but we who read know that on a night of storm and stress, he and the false Steerforth will die together where the oily light shines on the surface of the hungry sea.

But these, though admirable instances of the management of a great theme, are hardly examples of what we have called the Use of the Echo. Indeed, Milton employs this simple form of suggestion with fine skill to emphasise the fact that, not Satan, but the Fall of Man is the central theme in his great epic. The innocent pair in the bowers of Eden do not, indeed, appear till far on in the story; but when, in the First Book, Satan on the burning marle speaks of his projected revenge on the new race, "whereof so rife there went a fame in Heaven", suddenly the murky air is lightened; a shout goes up; there flashes out "millions of flaming swords". The horrid cry on the burning marle, the lights, the brazen clash of shields "in the din of war" draw the attention of the reader to that unseen race in the trees of Eden.

But Dickens uses this method with finer art. In "David Copperfield" he manages to surround the child wife with a thousand charms, and yet, bit by bit,

the conviction is slowly forced on the reader that the loves of Dora and David are fleeting. As the hero goes down the stairs of a gaunt London house where David had been praising Dora to the silent and suffering Agnes, a sightless beggar follows him in the night, tapping the pavement with his stick and crying with the melancholy cry of the mendicant, "Blind; blind; blind!" That wild and eerie cry in a London night is a stroke of genius, worthy even of the Romantic brain that conceived Admirable Guinea and the tattered figure of John Silver. And lastly, the theme of the passing loves of Dora and David is echoed no longer by fugitive hints but by a long narrative. The jealousy of Dr. Strong and his wife are worked in for a great artistic reason, and as the curtain goes down on the episode, we behold David meditating on the subject. "I was thinking" he writes, "of all that had been said. . . . 'There can be no disparity in marriage like unsuitability of mind and purpose. The first mistaken impulse of a mistaken heart.' . . . We were at home, and the trodden leaves were lying under foot, and the autumn wind was blowing!"

Dickens is full of these hints and suggestions. So, when Mr. Peggotty goes out to search the world for Em'ly, Dickens says nothing of his own emotions; he flings the gnarled figure of the Yarmouth fisherman, black and dark against a sky of evening, and suggests moral grandeur simply by a rosy light. "He turned alone at the corner of our shady street, into a glow of light in which we lost him." And long afterwards, when Mr. Peggotty finds the girl who had danced at his knees, but changed and saddened, they sail away into the seas. The story closes on their future, but they go to happiness, for the light is rosy around them. Little Em'ly sails into the sunshine, but on the old country, the home land, the dear land, this England; the shadows gather, and on the Kentish hills the night has "fallen darkly".

The older writers know nothing of this use of suggestion. In the parting from England of Little Em'ly and Micawber, the Echo is little more than the Romantic use of scenery, though of scenery steeped in emotion. In other instances it takes the form of a long story running side by side with the main plot, twisted into its strands and anticipating the climax to which the story climbs.

This is the latest word in fiction. It is on the side of the art of writing a consequence of the Romantic Movement, but it goes beyond it, and in the words of Stevenson, "those irrational acceptations and recognitions" of the artist "reclaim, out of a world which we have not yet realised, ever another and another corner."

A GOTHIC GRANGE.

BY LAURENCE BINYON.

WE had entered into an arresting stillness. Outside, in the great sunshine, there were the peaceful living sounds of the farm. Black and white oxen were grazing the short fresh herbage. Poplar-leaves made a cool trembling in the air. A boy who sat on some crumbling brickwork above a pond was angling in the still water. Beyond, in the vast fields, where the luminous stalks of wheat melted at a little distance into a sea of clear gold, thickened above with the browned spikes of the solid ears of corn, reapers were at work: sunburnt men and women in blue, bending over their sickles as the stalks fell crisply. Over all was the immense sky of Flanders, clear and hot; but the far distance showed impalpable sign of storm, and at intervals there was faint thunder.

The great unbroken slope of the roof, of ruddy tiles, a little mossed, made the long wall it covered seem low. But at once, on entering, the impression was one of space and grandeur. Also of a wonderful stillness. Perhaps the actual sounds within accentuated the stillness. Along one side of the interior, against the further wall, ran a wooden partition, with a low roof of boards. This low roof was heaped with fodder, and in one

corner an old man and a boy were forking hay from a load on the floor to replenish the layers above. In the dimness and solitariness of the place the rustling, hushing sound of the tossed hay seemed the incarnation of silence. And then the eye began to take in the structure of this strange and magnificent interior. One seemed to be standing in a deserted cathedral. There was the central nave, and the aisles on either side, the great pillars and the buttresses; but all of wood, of naked oak, instead of stone. What forests must those have been which bore trees so formidable, out of which could be hewn these immense square columns, forty feet at least in height, even and straight from top to bottom! And above, what gigantic beams met to support the roof! Here was all the secret of Gothic building laid bare; no screen of stone disguised the bony framework of the architect's design, with its planned poise of thrust and counterthrust. The lesson was perfect. One marvelled at the perfection of the whole, hardly defaced or decayed in six centuries of time, and at the endurance of the ancient timber, seamed in places and worn a little at the bases of the pillars by rubbing and use, but in the upper parts preserving its fresh edges as axe and plane had left them.

Yet, try as one might to study the structural anatomy and understand its form and detail, the mind was irresistibly drawn away to be absorbed in the sentiment of the place. The spirit of the distant age which had built them seemed still to dwell within the walls; no modern molestations had dislodged it from its home; here, the age of commerce, appraising everything for instant and temporary use, seemed centuries away. An age of unhurried labour, executing large thoughts, choosing its time, seasoning its materials, disdaining alike parsimony and pretentiousness; that was an age which truly understood magnificence, the public virtue we know so little of. To some, the close modelling of a timbered barn upon the plan of a stone church may seem but the evidence of an ecclesiastical habit of mind, unable to free itself from rigid grooves. Certain stupidities of modern Gothic provoke indeed a natural disgust with ecclesiastical features misapplied. But we will justify the instinct of these old builders. For this great grange, which, season after season, and century after century—while Europe has been desolating itself with wars and alarms, bloodsheddings, exactions, fires and plunderings, dynasties falling and lands invaded—has with every harvest been stored full, and given out again of its abundance; has it not, with its benignant offices to man and beast, a just title to sanctity? Has it not a part in the immemorial religion of men? Are not this mystery and solemnity proper to the place? Profane thoughts, thoughts of the world, of gain, of fortune, of position and what not, are felt to be unseemly here, where the naked, delving Adam seems so eternally true an image of humanity, and the child of civilisation is brought to understand how all the efforts and accomplishments of ages have but disguised the nearness of man to the soil and his dependence on kindly earth.

Who could pass a half-hour among these shadowy pillars and not wish to be a painter? And yet how could pigment ever convey the aerial subtlety of this interior? Windowless, the grange admitted daylight only at one or two small doorways; but what a new thing it seemed to make of common light! Just as one lets water trickle between the fingers, to feel the pure coolness of it the better, so the light seemed to steal in shy floods into that spacious obscurity, to be treasured there. Through a chink between old boards the green light of the grass shone strangely vivid. And on the edge of the shadow, where a door stood open, a butterfly, winking its scarlet and black wings, glowed richly. But these only enhanced the quality of the pale interior light, which seemed spiritualised and unearthly as it hovered among the intricate order of the lofty beams and lost itself in the upper gloom.

Such subjects have proved a constant attraction to the painters of Europe. There is indeed a deep fund of latent poetry in the attachment of man to the earth, from which he gets his sustenance; a poetry more

naturally expressed by pictorial means than any other. And if we consider the greater masterpieces of landscape art in Europe we shall find, I think, this vital relation between man and the earth implicit in nearly all of them. Seed-time and harvest; the ploughman, the reaper; the woodcutter, the fisherman; windmills and watermills, locks on rivers, and such old barns and granaries as I have been describing; all these refresh us with a savour of antique primeval life and associate us with the earliest hopes and victories of man. The world will not willingly lose its grasp of the continuity of the race; and such things bring us back, as poetry does, to what is elemental in life and enduring. There is another poetry of the mountains and the waters; and from that perhaps more inspiration will be drawn by painters of the future. But this homelier poetry of the soil, half-religious in sentiment, will never lose its fascination and freshness; and never have I felt its power and beauty more deeply than in this great sequestered grange—a kind of abbey of the harvests one might call it—lost in a corner of the rich Flemish plain.

SHAKESPEARE IN FRANCE.

(In three articles.)

I.

THE DRUNKEN SAVAGE.

THE first evidence that Shakespeare had crossed the Channel is to be found in a note written by one of Louis XIV.'s librarians in the royal catalogues. Among other things, it is affirmed of Shakespeare: "Ces belles qualités sont obscurcies par les ordures qu'il mêle dans ses comédies". Some years later Prévost, the first Frenchman of literary importance to sit in judgment upon the plays as a whole, wrote very much to the same effect, but with more amenity of phrase. Speaking of the tragedies, he says: "Quelques-unes sont un peu défigurées par un mélange de bouffonneries indignes." Subsequently there appeared the "Lettres sur les Anglais" of Voltaire, in which the "Cato" of Addison was hailed as the one reasonable tragedy written by an Englishman; in which the plays of Congreve were declared to be the summit of English comedy; in which English writers of tragedy might read of their productions that they were "presque toutes barbares, dépourvues de bienséance, d'ordre et de vraisemblance". Nor had Voltaire by any means done his worst. He began by objecting to cobblers and gravediggers; but in the hatred of his later years he delivered a ripper and completer judgment upon Shakespeare in bulk. There was, for instance, his verdict upon "Hamlet": "Une pièce grossière et barbare, qui ne serait pas supportée par la plus vile populace de la France et de l'Italie". There was the classic judgment upon Shakespeare as the drunken savage. There was the *mea culpa* addressed to D'Argental, in which Voltaire repents at large for having introduced Shakespeare to his countrymen, and mourns over the national drama about to be eaten by Hottentots.

The case of Voltaire presents very forcibly one important aspect of the history of France's reception and treatment of the English dramatist. Voltaire is the first and best known of the critics who take a firm stand upon the national tragedy of Racine, and identify their struggle with Shakespeare as a struggle for the unities and decencies of the old theatre. As the battleground remained substantially the same throughout, it is worth while to survey it as it stood when Voltaire declared his war to the knife. It may be stated at the outset that it will be the purpose of these articles to show that the apparent vicissitudes in French opinion have been all upon the surface, that fundamentally the position has not altered for better or worse since the time when the precepts of Boileau and La Bruyère were fresh in the ears of Paris; and that neither the censure of one party nor the eulogy of others has very much pertinence as a criticism upon the Shakespeare that the English know for their own.

Time therefore will not be lost in dwelling upon the conditions that prevailed in the days of Voltaire, since it is proposed to show that these conditions have subsisted fundamentally from start to finish.

Shortly after his return to France, Voltaire began to produce those pearls which he had picked from the vast trough of the English barbarian. "Zaïre", "La Mort de César", "Sémiramis" would never have been written if Voltaire had not read "Othello", "Julius Caesar" and "Hamlet". Shakespeare had hold of him, and he returned filled with the spirit of reform. Perhaps, after all, the tragedy of Racine admitted of development; perhaps all the old rules were not equally sacred; perhaps the unities of time and place were not eternally rigid; perhaps prose might, without sacrilege, be used for purposes of tragedy; perhaps a vocabulary of three thousand words was not sufficient for tragic expression; perhaps a little real action might be allowed within the limits of a play, to the relaxation of that stern system of monologues, explanations and news-bearing that had almost been stereotyped into sanctity; perhaps a little blood-shedding upon the stage might not come amiss, or a ghost, or a Frenchman, or a common person. There was a young man who had never read Shakespeare, but who was already suggesting these things. This was La Motte Houdard. Voltaire, of course, suppressed him heavily; but, none the less, Voltaire let it be known that he, too, was a reformer. He changed his scene within the same town; he killed Caesar and Zaïre, not on the stage, it is true, but only just off, and you could almost hear it being done; in "Adélaïde du Guesclin" he even introduced a man with his arm in a sling, and a cannon; and, as a fitting climax to all this, although he sent Sémiramis decently away into a tomb to get killed, yet he had the temerity to bring this personage out again, actually bleeding.

But Voltaire was pulled up short in his splendid work as the emancipator of French tragedy. The first translations of La Place appeared in 1745, and Shakespeare was shown to the French people with little of his nakedness covered. Moreover, La Place had written a preface, in which he prophesied a new art of tragedy, and questioned the unities in their entirety. Tragedies in prose now began to appear, and comedies in which an appeal was made for tears. Hippolyte Lucas had even found a name for these monstrosities, calling them "dramas". Diderot was laying down that all actions and all conditions of life were material for "drama"; and the tragédie bourgeoise was making progress upon the boards. Voltaire rubbed his eyes, and found that he had grown old. He took it into his head that Shakespeare was at the bottom of it, and that he himself was partly responsible. Furious and repentant, Voltaire came forward as a protagonist in the conflict that now opened; and thus it was that Shakespeare in France became forever involved in a conflict with the unities and decencies of French tragedy. This aspect of his struggle for recognition must not be overlooked, for it is a much more comprehensive one than at first sight appears. The unities stood for more than their surface value. They stood for the highly specialised and refined kind of emotion that the Frenchman looked for in Racine, and could indulge without æsthetic misgiving. The art-form which Racine had been compelled to use as a Frenchman writing for Frenchmen may cease to exist, but the æsthetic needs which that art-form in his day alone could satisfy will remain as long as France has a literature. At bottom the duel will always be a duel between Racine and Shakespeare.

The struggle waxed fiercer in 1776 with the translation of Le Tourneur. One of the warmest partisans that Shakespeare ever found in France was at that time in the field in the person of Mercier. Mercier cried aloud for prose in tragedy, for the mingling of the tragic and comic element within the limits of the same play, for the admission of all ranks of men and women to the high dramatic field; and, as a culminating piece of impiety, he denounced French tragedy as unreal. Voltaire foamed unpleasantly at the mouth, but in vain, for Le Tourneur sold, while Mercier and Madame

Montague, already known as La Shakespearienne, replied unabashed.

What these apologies for Shakespeare meant exactly will be noticed hereafter. At present it is Shakespeare's struggle with the unities that is under discussion. This struggle brought against him a host of critics whose criticisms were, in the literal sense of the word, absurd. That is to say, they were the criticisms of men who were deaf. Their ears were attuned to the message of a peculiar genre, and they literally could not hear Shakespeare at all. Nor was this school confined to the men of Voltaire's day and generation. "Othello" did not obtain a hearing in Paris until "Hernani" had prepared the way by partially discrediting the amenities of the old theatre. The vein of criticism that dates from the librarian of Louis XIV. runs through the history to the end. Chateaubriand and Le Blanc follow Voltaire. Chateaubriand's earlier opinion brands the tragedies of Shakespeare as monstrous farces, and declines to consider them as artistic productions for the theatre. Le Blanc writes: "Pour avoir ignoré les règles, ou pour n'avoir pas voulu les suivre, Shakespeare n'a pas produit un seul ouvrage qui ne soit un monstre dans son espèce". Alphonse de Lamartine then writes: "Réunir dans la même pièce la comédie de Molière et la tragédie de Corneille, c'est faire grimacer toutes les deux". From first to last the unities, and that aggregate of sentiment and tradition that clustered about them, stood in the way of an impartial comprehension of the English Shakespeare that France has never succeeded in naturalising. By way of attraction or repulsion they influenced every opinion that was passed upon him, from the bitter scurrilities of Voltaire to the measured appreciation of Madame de Staël, or the unmeasured eulogy of Hugo.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. MILES' MEALS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Chandos Street, Charing Cross, W.C.
September 1909.

SIR,—I have just read a letter in your paper signed by Hermann Erskine. I think that I should be justified in starting an action for libel against this writer when he accuses me of living on "a mess of herbage" and on "vegetables, fruit and farinaceous slops" and of being "nucivorous". Had this gentleman written to me I would gladly have told him what foods I prefer to take, and he would then have found that I eat fewer vegetables than most meat-eaters, certainly not more farinaceous food and decidedly less farinaceous slops, but that my favourite food bases instead of meat are—besides my own proteid food ("Emprote")—cheese, nuts, sometimes beans or lentils, and sometimes eggs. I never take porridge, and I do not often take pudding. I will gladly tell any reader of the SATURDAY REVIEW who is interested what meals I do prefer. I do not pretend that these meals suit everyone, but they are worth trying.

Now as to the extraordinary remarks of this writer. He begins by alluding with contempt to "food-values" and "proteids". It would be equally ridiculous for a critic of national defence to allude with contempt to ships, airships, guns and gunpowder. For the generally accepted statement that proteid is the most essential, the indispensable element in our food supply I need only refer the reader to such authorities (nearly all of them flesh-eaters) as Atwater, Bunge, Church, Michael Foster, Gamgee, Robert Hutchison, Landois and Sterling, Pavy, Pawlow and Virchow.

Then he speaks of the alleged docility of the people whom he calls by that most misleading name "vegetarians". Some of the Japanese and Indian troops, who rarely touch flesh foods, are splendid fighters. So were the Persians and Greeks and Romans at their best. So were the Scots. I shall give directly a few other instances of physical strength and endurance; but that the above fighters were living on "a system of

dietetics which avowedly eliminates the physical traits" is a strange contention.

The implication that England owes her Empire to a meat-eating population is also based on ignorance. An examination into the diet of the small farmers and yeomen of old England—and we need not omit Scotland and Ireland, with their diet of buttermilk, oatmeal and potatoes—will show that over a great part of the country the prevailing diet was without flesh food, except, perhaps, once a week, and included such staples or bases as cheese, pease-pudding, cereals, etc.

Now with regard to what the writer says about long life, I agree with a great part of it. Sheer age, without open-mindedness, is of little use. Neither should I dream of disputing that "vegetarianism" has had abundant failures, through ignorance and through an unwise choice of the sloppy and pappy foods which the writer justly condemns, and for other reasons. I always have insisted on these failures as undeniable facts. But it is a shame to condemn principles because caricatures of these principles have existed. The fair plan is to examine results—actual results—of well-balanced non-flesh meals.

And as it is on the physical plane that the writer challenges us, we meet him there. And we cite a few examples of what are distinctly physical attributes—namely, endurance and strength. For these two bodily attributes imply little or no mental or spiritual attributes. Long-distance athletes and weight-lifters are not necessarily good specimens—though some are—intellectually. Well, Herodotus tells us that the builders of the pyramids of Egypt lived chiefly on lentils, onion and garlic. De Lesseps bore witness to the splendid physical work of the non-flesh-eating Arabs and Hindus on the Suez Canal.

Then there are the Chinese porters at Hong Kong, the carriers of Constantinople, of Smyrna, of Athens, of Rio Janeiro and of the Bakongo tribe (who can carry from sixty to a hundred pounds weight on their heads, and run for twenty miles a day for six days), the South American rubber-gum gatherers, and many others. Probably the Saxon Brothers (at present, I believe, in America) are the strongest men in the world.

As to endurance, the walking race between Dresden and Berlin, a distance of 125 miles, was won by Karl Mann in 26 hours 52 minutes: he arrived not at all exhausted. The other non-flesh-eaters also easily beat the meat-eaters. And similar records of endurance have been and are being given by cyclists like Olley, runners, swimmers and so forth.

The records are all the more remarkable when we remember how very few people there are, comparatively, who go in for athletic competitions on non-flesh diet in contrast to the tens of thousands of meat-eaters.

With respect to endurance, again, the experiments of Professor Irving Fisher, of America, who carried out his investigations without any prejudice, were decidedly in favour of the non-flesh diet in practically every case. Similar experiments in Brussels led to similar results.

As to teeth, the subject is a difficult one to deal with, since several factors combine to bring about dental decay. I do not think it is at all fair to put down the use of slops to the influence of food reform. The families that indulge in wet porridges and puddings are just as likely to be meat-eaters as not. But I know that in many cases (as in my wife's) the adoption of sensible food reform has absolutely stopped decay of the teeth.

The fact of it is that the effects of a well-balanced dietary without flesh foods have to be considered not from the point of view of what a theorist imagines, nor from the point of view of the failures of haphazard, unscientific and inartistic "vegetarianism", but from a careful study of actual instances.

I do not wish to be personal, but I must say that the writer's method of argument, which omits almost all that can be urged in favour of the other side, is not in the least suited for a practical and scientific discussion of a very important topic—a topic of more than national moment. The writer is obviously better

suited for entering the arena of party politics. I think he would be a successful speaker in that field.

Yours truly,

EUSTACE MILES.

COSAS DE ESPAÑA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

2 August 1909.

SIR,—Seven years ago you published a letter of mine in the SATURDAY REVIEW in which I mentioned that, from information of an authoritative character which I had received, it appeared that a meeting of the Grand Masters of the so-called Freemasonic Lodges of Rome, Lisbon, and Madrid had been held at Barcelona, a meeting which was also attended by M. Combes. The purpose of this assembly was to inaugurate a virulent anti-clerical campaign in every Latin country, the object of which was the destruction of the Roman Catholic religion, which is equivalent to the de-Christianisation of those countries, a catastrophe which it is believed would lead to the overthrow of the monarchy in each and the creation of a federated Latin republic organised on the lines of the atheistical one that now governs or misgoverns France.

Before proceeding, allow me to say that, while I do not for a moment believe that either Mr. Nathan, M. Combes, or the Grand Master of the Italian Freemasons ever for an instant personally plotted or approved of the assassination of the King of Portugal and his son, it must be confessed that the refusal on the part of Mr. Nathan and his friends of the Municipal Council of Rome to address a letter of sympathy to the Queen-mother of Portugal after the murder of her husband and son (although she is an Italian Princess) does justify one in believing that at least they were not sorry for the deed after it was done. They may not even have hinted at the instigation of such a murder, but the campaign which they organised at Barcelona is at the bottom, not only of that dreadful occurrence, but of the mischief which has devastated Barcelona during the past few weeks.

Immediately after this meeting the intended campaign opened very vigorously at Lisbon, where a sub-ventioned anti-religious Press, distributed among the working classes, soon inflamed their worst passions and presently led to the sacking of several convents, and finally to the expulsion from Portugal of the few remaining religious orders that had been spared by the Revolution of 1830. The campaign continued, religion was held up to ridicule, and the monarchy accused of every imaginable crime. The result of all this teaching was the assassination of the King and Crown Prince and the abortive attempt to proclaim a republic, which only failed thanks to the revulsion of public feeling in Portugal against the prime movers in the conspiracy. Meanwhile, Spain was deluged with filthy periodicals and horrible papers, mostly owned, edited, and published by disreputable Jews and self-styled Freemasons—a combination which the well-known Italian Deputy, Signor Santini, when writing lately in the SATURDAY REVIEW of the same Association in Italy, described as "beyond words abominable and wicked". In Spain, again, as in Portugal, riots and disturbances ensued as a consequence of all this agitation; and I need not allude to the dastardly outrage which disturbed the happiness of the King and Queen of Spain on their wedding day, beyond saying that there can be no doubt that had the young Sovereigns been assassinated, a republic would have been immediately proclaimed, as has now been done in Catalonia. The fact is that ever since the date of the fatal meeting at Barcelona between the various heads of the subversive parties, the socialists and anarchists in that unfortunate city have been kept in a state of constant excitement by their skilfully concealed wire-pullers, so that scarcely a week has passed without an outrage in some part of the city. A friend in Malaga sent me recently a bundle of Spanish socialist and anarchist papers; and all I can say about them is that the "Asino", which is generally considered to be

the most disgraceful publication of its sort in Europe, is mild compared with some of the obscene and blasphemous productions which have been published with impunity in Spain during the past five or six years. "So sure as we live", wrote my friend, now nearly six months ago, "if there is a disaster in Morocco we shall have rioting all over the South of Spain, and an attempt on a large scale on the part of the subversive agitators to get the government of the country into their hands and thus hoist themselves into prominent and remunerative positions. The political agitators are never quiet; their agents are everywhere disseminating abominable pamphlets and generally exciting the people, not only against the monks and nuns and the clergy in general, but also against every form of constituted authority. I have seen a man come into a café on the outskirts of Malaga, sit down quite quietly and ask for a glass of wine, so that at first his movements passed unobserved. Presently, however, he pulled out of his pocket a large and gaudily coloured caricature of the Pope, surrounded by a lot of semi-nude monks and nuns. What they were doing cannot be described; but in a corner of this picture appeared at a window the young King and Queen of Spain with broad grins on their faces, while out of their mouths proceeded scrolls on which were written what they were supposed to be saying, and which it is impossible for me to translate." In another Spanish socialist caricature the King and Queen are shown riding in a motor car over the prostrate bodies of a number of working men; and in yet another the Pope and the Queen are seen flogging a working girl. And so forth. What wonder then, that after some seven years of this sort of propaganda, the deluded people of Barcelona should, now that a favourable opportunity has occurred, rise and commit atrocities which have unfortunately compelled the troops to inflict reprisals of a horrible nature, in which hundreds of unfortunate working people have been shot down. But meanwhile, those who have excited and urged them to commit these acts of violence—I mean the Masonic wire-pullers, the editors of socialist newspapers, street agitators, etc.—are allowed to escape without so much as a reprimand. Indeed it seems to be the rule all over the world for the poor "man in the street" to receive the punishment of offences which he has only committed at the bidding, so to speak, of men who, by their education and superior position, are ten thousand times more guilty than their unfortunate tools. The civilised world is, or pretends to be, horrified at what has happened at Barcelona; but I have yet to see a single article advocating the punishment of the gang of concealed rascals who have brought about the horrible outrages of which Barcelona and other cities of Spain have been the scene. It is the social agitator, the man who suggests murder and rapine, who should be punished, and not the poor misguided working people who have been deceived by the fair promises of these professional politicians, perfectly well aware of what they are doing, and only agitating and flattering the mob in order to get its votes, and thus, when the revolution comes, obtain for themselves lucrative official positions. Only five years ago M. Aristide Briand shouted to an excited mob of strikers, "Take up your guns and shoot down your masters! Burn their factories and destroy their houses; you are justified in doing it!" Now, M. Briand becomes Prime Minister, and the world bows down before him.

Signor Santini, in the letter above alluded to, tells us joyously that the horrible "Asino", which he considers is unfit for decent people to discuss, is not likely to do much harm in Italy, because "the immense majority" of the Italian people are good Catholics. At the same time he is highly indignant that Mr. Ernest Nathan, whom he describes as a member of that abominable gang of "evildoers", the Freemasons, should have been elected Syndic of Rome; and no doubt he is equally indignant, though he does not say so, that Signor Podrecca, the proprietor and editor of the filthiest paper published in Europe, the "Asino", has been elected a member of the Italian Parliament. Signor Santini does not seem, however, to realise that had the Catholics, who are in "the immense majority",

protested against the publication of such papers as this and the active propaganda of anti-religion and anti-everything carried on by the persons whom he stigmatises in far stronger language than I, as a foreigner, should like to use, Signors Nathan and Podrecca would not be in office. The same may be said of the good people of Barcelona, who are now lamenting the destruction of their shops, their churches, and their convents, or weeping over the innumerable victims of the agitations of the last few days. Had they manifested themselves in a manful manner against the propaganda of revolution, blasphemy, and indecency which has been going on with impunity for so many years in the beautiful capital and province of Catalonia, that part of Spain would not be in the forlorn condition it is to-day.

The people who allow the storm to be sown must reap the whirlwind. Another proverb tells us that "Prevention is better than cure". No government should allow anarchical unrest to get as far as the stage of street fighting; subversive agitators of all kinds, journalists, conspirators, and public speakers, whether anti-militarists, anti-religious, anti-monarchical, or whatever be their pet "theories", should be dealt with severely at the earliest stage, *before* the violent doctrines they preach have begun to soak into the public mind. Had this been done in Spain five years ago, and every paper of the "Asino" order suppressed, blood would not be running in the streets of Barcelona to-day. It was a "wicked agitation" of an anti-clerical sort that led to the murder of the inoffensive King Humbert of Italy in 1900; yet the men who pulled the wires and those who incited to the outrage (though they were well known) have never been punished, while the half-witted youth who perpetrated the crime still languishes, half blind and insane, in solitary confinement for life—a living death indeed!

What has happened in Spain within the past week will inevitably take place in France some day should any calamity occur which would offer an opportunity for the manifestation of anti-military and anti-religious insanity, if so I may call it. Italy, too, will have to undergo much the same dreadful experience unless she acts with foresight and energy against the combination of evildoers whom Signor Santini considers "so mischievous and, above all, so abominable". I am not too sure, either, that what I have said of the Latin countries is not applicable to our own, where a very active and dangerous propaganda is at present in full swing. It were well if, before seeing the mote in our brother's eye, we noticed the beam in our own.

I am, sir, yours truly,

A TRAVELLER.

BETTER DEAD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

2 Myrtle Road, Acton, 2 September 1909.

SIR,—In your issue of 28 August you accorded space for the insertion of the callous remarks of one signing himself John Bland, who desires, as his letter abundantly proves, to deprive the poor of their last right—the right to exist at all on the earth. May I be accorded a like courtesy in the interests of common humanity?

I wonder if it has never occurred to this fastidious (in externals) and perfumed (though not with the myrrh and aloes and cassia of spiritual sanctity) Mr. John Bland that at any moment some adverse stroke of circumstances entirely beyond his control may leave him penniless, friendless and homeless, even as those are whom he wishes to hound from the earth, which is the Lord's? Let him imagine (if he possesses sufficient of so human a quality) himself, weak and faint with hunger and deadly tired, creeping into some park or on to the Embankment to rest his bruised and weary body, and being cast out from that refuge by order of such inhuman legislation as he desires to bring into force against others.

Many of these persons are placed in the position of

physical degradation so offensive to Mr. John Bland through no fault of their own, and even he himself may be less assiduous with his toilet in the deplorable state I have pictured for him above; and even if it be admitted that the physical degradation of the poor sufferers from excessive poverty may cause a momentary shock and sensation of unpleasantness to persons not capable of higher thoughts, yet the spiritual leprosy which the letter of John Bland exhales is a far deeper danger and menace to society.

MARIE LANTROW.

THE SPLENDID CRANK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Wick Court, near Bristol.

SIR,—In face of your having written "When a man is called a crank, we may be quite sure there is something great about him", it may appear ungracious to suggest that you have not quite done justice to your subject. But is it not possible that this greatness, offensive as it may be to the crank's contemporaries, is of supreme benefit to future generations? I would suggest that if, to most of us, the crank who lives in the clouds is an altruistic fool and impossible as an ordinary companion, still, it is the very fact of his aloofness, of his living nearer to heaven than we ourselves, which gives him power to raise humanity at large. It is true cranks hunt shadows; but these are the shadows cast before of coming events; perhaps, too, they sometimes impress on earth shadows cast from heaven's facts, and so temper earthly material life with somewhat of the spiritual. Galileo, Copernicus, Martin Luther, S. Francis of Assisi, Robert Owen the founder of co-operation, John Brown the abolitionist, Lovelace and his six companions, Blake the poet, and, to some degree, Keats and Coleridge, were, to their contemporaries, all cranks, and so suffered the contumely originality or greatness of thought in action must always suffer in our foolish world—"Great is thy power, O Dullness!" With their bones we inter the evil done to such men in life, and justify ourselves by crowning them, dead. But the good they did lives after them—good for their ignorant persecutors.

Long live the crank! When sick of partridges and pheasants, motors and dinners, the dreary jog-trot of human converse on Budgets and babies, Dreadnoughts and school treats, socialism and the last society scandal, we can always—if the crank is to be found!—turn for relief to the clouds of heaven and chase their shadows. It is the crank, not the amorphous baby, who, trailing clouds of glory as he comes, tells us we are more than mere earthly gamblers at the devil's table of speculation for prizes of rank, wealth or power.

Yours faithfully,

F. C. CONSTABLE.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

53 Chancery Lane, W.C.

SIR,—In the articles recently contributed to your columns by Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, stress was laid on the many improvements introduced in the Zoological Gardens as regards the housing of the animals. One point, however, on which Dr. Mitchell is silent, should I think in fairness be stated—that the changes referred to were to a large extent forced on the Society from without, as a result of Mr. Edmund Selous' series of articles on "The Old Zoo and the New," which first appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW and were reprinted as a pamphlet by the Humanitarian League.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY S. SALT.

REVIEWS.

SOPHIA AND CAROLINE.

"The Hanoverian Queens of England: Sophia Dorothea of Celle; Caroline of Anspach." By Alice Drayton Greenwood. London: Bell. 1909. 10s. 6d. net.

SCIENTIFIC historians would condemn such books as this, as insisting too much on the influence of personalities on the course of history. "Les biographies", writes M. Denis, in the "Fondation de l'Empire Allemand", "exagèrent l'action des héros sur l'évolution du monde, elles réduisent la destinée de l'humanité à une série d'accidents. Je ne crois pas aux accidents et je ne crois guère aux héros." Of what importance, it might be asked, was the quarrel between the hard and unsympathetic George I. and his excitable, emotional and foolish wife, Sophia Dorothea? Are we really to believe, as Miss Greenwood suggests, that the evolution of our Cabinet system was due simply to the fact that our first Hanoverian king was ignorant of English, and that he accordingly left his Ministers much to themselves? Would Sir Robert Walpole never have controlled the government of the country if he had not gained the support of George I. by promises of an increased civil list, or continued to rule after his death if it had not been for the influence of Queen Caroline over her husband, George II.? Above all, would the main lines of English history have been much altered had her destinies been guided by an altogether different set of personalities?

Whatever may be the answers to such questions, there is without doubt another side to history. "History", said Froude, "is nature's drama. To bring the past before us and make the actors live again, to teach us to sympathise with what is great and good and to hate what is base"—this, according to him, is the true function of the historian; and it is closely akin to that of the dramatist. There is a truth in all this, and in any case the virtues, the vices and the follies, the intrigues, the loves and the enmities of mankind, their triumphs and their tragedies, will always be attractive. Yet even so the question remains whether anyone who wishes really to understand the characters and realise the atmosphere of a bygone age had not better read the original authorities, even if many of them are not as truthful as one could wish.

This book makes no pretension to be a complete history of the period. The references to foreign affairs are scanty; and though home affairs are treated somewhat more fully, we must go elsewhere for an adequate account of the state of parties and the constitutional or economic problems of the day. The domestic life of the two heroines, the family quarrels, the Court intrigues and the Court pageants—these form the main part of the book. Nor, again, is Miss Greenwood the first in this peculiar field. Apart from foreign books, the period has been already treated in much the same way and with much the same conclusions as to the main characters on the stage by Mr. Wilkins in his "Love of an Uncrowned Queen" and his "Queen Caroline the Illustrious". Miss Greenwood, however, has given us a very readable book, written in a clear and forcible style. She has taken every pains to make her work accurate and thorough; her judgment is sound and sober; she avoids the besetting temptation of the biographer to belaud her heroines, and in her preface she gives us a very useful criticism of her authorities.

The two women whose characters she has undertaken to portray present in every way a startling contrast. Sophia Dorothea of Celle, the unfortunate wife of George I., though intelligent and accomplished, was a mere lover of pleasure with no serious interests in life. Forced for family reasons to marry her cold and unsympathetic cousin, whom she never liked, she quickly consoled herself for his infidelity by intrigues of her own, more especially with the worthless libertine, Count Philip of Königsmarck. Even if we believe

her own assertion that her relations with the Count were never criminal, she so completely compromised herself that she could never expect to be allowed to hold the position of Queen-Consort, or that it would be forgiven by her pitiless husband. The terrible suddenness of her fall, the unfathomable mystery as to the exact fate of Königsmarck, the tragedy of her long captivity, have attracted the attention of many biographers, and also of the dramatist.* Yet the whole story is discreditable to all concerned, and Sophia herself excites in us no sentiment but that of contemptuous pity.

Caroline of Anspach was of a far different mould. Descended from a younger branch of the masterful Hohenzollerns, she had been brought up at the Court of Berlin and had fallen under the influence of Sophie Charlotte, the wife of the Elector King, Frederick, and of Charlotte's mother, the ambitious and able Electress Sophia. From very early years she showed signs of character; she refused the brilliant offer of the hand of the Archduke Charles, the future Emperor. She associated with men of letters and took a lively interest in politics. According to some, it was her love of power which induced her to follow the wish of the Electress Sophia and become the bride of her grandson, the future George II.; and in this they believe is to be found the key to her conduct during life.

There is much truth in this view, no doubt. That she feigned to follow George II. while she really led, that she pretended an ignorance of high questions of policy, discussed in her presence, while she was guiding him to the decision already decided upon between Sir Robert Walpole and herself, and that she did this with such consummate skill that the suspicions of her vain husband were never aroused—all this is not incredible, and it enhances our admiration for her ability and her extraordinary self-restraint. It may, too, have been a love of power which led her not only to acquiesce in her husband's "amours", but even with amazing complaisance to be the confidante of his mistresses. But that the affection she so constantly displayed for him was also feigned is difficult to believe. Strange though it is, there was a stronger bond of union between these two very different characters. George II. had his mistresses, as was the custom then in Courts at least. Yet he never wavered in his admiration and affection for his wife. Caroline, who with all her virtues was not refined or sensitive, thoroughly appreciated the doctrine of the day—"Conjugal faithfulness is the honour of women, but the honour of a man consists only in that of his wife"†—and, for the rest, was really fond of her vain, garrulous husband, with all his coarseness and his limitations.

The society to which we are introduced in these pages was indeed an unloveable one. The private virtues of the two first Hanoverian kings were confined to a blunt honesty, to a certain sense of justice without mercy, and to personal courage. They were unlettered, parsimonious, and coarse men. They both quarrelled with their sons. In the case of George I. the fault lay chiefly with him, while in that of George II. it was his worthless son, Fritz, who was most to blame. Yet what can we think of a mother who, if we are to believe Lord Harvey, openly denounced her son as the greatest ass, the greatest liar, the greatest "canaille" and the greatest beast in the whole world, and heartily wished he were out of it? The statesmen were with few exceptions hopelessly corrupt; the clergy, worldly and time-serving; the worship of brutal common-sense, the deadness to all things spiritual, pronounced. Thackeray in his "Four Georges" declared that the only person of all the Court to whom he feels genuinely attracted is Mrs. Howard (Lady Suffolk), the patient, kindly, dignified maid of honour. He might perhaps have included the witty and vivacious Mary Bellenden, the gentle and loveable Molly Lepell, and the downright and simple Jenny Warburton. Indeed, the women are far more attractive than the men. They are brighter, better company, better tempered and many of them

more moral; and if Queen Caroline shocks us with her want of refinement, she had at least the taste to appreciate it in the ladies of her bedchamber.

THE CLEVER NOVEL.

"Open Country." By Maurice Hewlett. London: Macmillan. 1909. 6s.

WHENEVER Mr. Maurice Hewlett's characters open their mouths they seem to have an air of conscious cleverness and to be quoting from the narrative portions of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's works of fiction. At times the effect is startling—and baffling: one wonders whether the inverted commas have slipped in by accident or been lifted out in error. True, to get the smart manner, the spoken sentences are made very brief; but were we to take a scene where two people are engaged in a duel of wit, lightly chucking epigrams at one another, without any "he said" and "she said"; and were we to read it aloud to some ordinary wide-awake person, that person might easily mistake the whole passage for narration and think Mr. Hewlett was coruscating more brilliantly and galvanically than usual. A superficial listener might hear a few pages of Meredith and pass a similar remark; and it is true that Meredith's people are much given to talking Meredithian. But this fact simply reveals how wide a gulf lies between the art of the great novelist and the artfulness of the small one. Through the Meredithian phraseology we become conscious of the presence of real, separate characters, living beings of flesh and blood, ambitions and fears, passions and weaknesses; while in Mr. Hewlett's books we find only puppets, mostly empty, who rattle off Hewlettese. On the one hand we have creative art; on the other imitative trickery and smartness. Meredith may report in his own way what his characters said, and the report may be coloured by Meredithian turns of phrase; but we feel sure that, after all, in essence they said the thing reported; and we learn the shades of thought and feeling that impelled them to say it. Meredith wrote often, far too often, as a virtuoso; but at his best the force of his inspiration carried him far beyond any vain desire to show off: truth of expression, not display, was then his aim. Mr. Hewlett always lets us know how smart he is, forgetting that cleverness, especially self-conscious cleverness, is the last quality that should make itself felt in a work of art. There are many persons in "Open Country", and many of them possess extraordinary names, but fundamentally they are all Mr. Hewlett—their own mouths declare the fact. Even the rich merchant, Mr. Percival, speaks epigrammatically "when" Mr. Hewlett is "so disposed", and is the author of schoolboyish comic-verse. In some respects he is the best person in the story. He is a tradesman and, we dare say, an honest one, proud of his family, a trifle afraid of his wife, and astute enough to be still more afraid for his wife, with her fine talent for getting snubs and her insatiable appetite for swallowing them. His good-nature, affectionate disposition and broad stomach are homely and comforting to meet in a crowd of persons struggling to appear clever—indeed, those attributes to an extent compensate for some desperate endeavours of his own after smartness. We have met his wife and daughters before—in other writers' novels—with the exception of one daughter, Sanchia. This damsel, though not freshly (nor altogether faithfully) observed, does not recede so poignantly the fashions of the year before last; but in bending her to his iron will, and making her talk as he writes, Mr. Hewlett has broken her. The hero of the piece, Mr. John Maxwell Senhouse, has grown purely fantastic since the days when he figured in "Half-Way House". Intended to be a quaint child of Nature, he is simply impossible. Something—human nature—is wanted to reconcile his contradictions into a consistent whole, a solid human figure moving through the pages of the book. A secondary hero, Ingram, speaks as unvocally as the rest, yet leaves such an impression of yokel stupidity that one marvels how he should have led Sanchia Percival from the strict path of conventional virtue. The accomplish-

* "A Princess of Hanover," by Margaret L. Woods.

† The saying of the Duchess of Orleans.

ment of this feat and the behaviour of Senhouse and the family in the circumstances make up the whole story. Everything in it is possible—almost commonplace nowadays—yet nothing appears real. Even Mrs. Percival, pathetically struggling to get a footing in society—largely a society of baronet-ish nonentities—is not like life. As conventionally drawn by the trade-novelists her figure is familiar; but Mr. Hewlett has pushed her from the conventional, through the real, to a something on the farther side of reality. This may, indeed, be said of nearly all Mr. Hewlett's puppets. They impress us less as genuine, if blundering, attempts to create real personages than as the conventional types of trade-fiction in a grotesque disguise. They are no more human and alive than the persons of Mr. Guy Thorne; only their get-up is different and less usual. Mr. Hewlett seems to strain after something more real than realism and even reality. It is as though an engineer sought something rounder than a circle for the wheels of an express locomotive. What the locomotive would look like, and how it would run, we cannot guess; but we do know that while Mr. Hewlett's figures do not tax our credulity, because they are unlike anything conceived before, for the same reason they are incredible.

"Open Country" affords several opportunities for a writer capable of interpreting the silent moods of nature; and these opportunities are not seized. Senhouse, out gipsying, comes upon a scene that stirs him—woods in sunlight and shadow; and for a moment it seems likely that we shall get something new—especially new in Mr. Hewlett's work. But no: the moment passes: Senhouse is thrilled not by the vision that meets his eye, but by the possibility of turning it to account as such things have been turned to account by poets and painters in the past: he sees in nature only an artist making allusions to bygone master-works. He tries verse, and does not hit it off; then seeing before him a veritable Corot he tries to transfer that Corot to his canvas. Whether he would have succeeded, or what the picture would have been worth if he had, must remain for ever a puzzle; for in the very white heat of his reminiscent inspiration Sanchia interrupts him by taking off shoes and stockings and walking into a pond. With Mr. Hewlett "Place aux dames" was inevitable, and we are at once asked to transfer our attention and interest to the gambols of a man and a young girl alone in a wood together. Nothing very disastrous, however, occurs—as is the custom in Mr. Hewlett's stories. The atmosphere of nature is never captured: it is as false as the atmosphere of the middle-class drawing- and dining-rooms in "Open Country". Mr. Hewlett will not let nature speak and, like Walt Whitman, "nudge himself to listen", any more than he will let his characters speak; Mr. Hewlett must speak for nature as he speaks for his dolls. So nature is made, not to whisper sweet secrets as nature does, but to chat with Hewlettish airiness and flippancy of poets and painters. It is hard to say whether the backgrounds—interior as well as exterior—are thrown out of perspective by the queeriness of the people who stand in front of them, or whether, after all, Mr. Hewlett's queer unhuman human beings are not made queerer by the backgrounds. Such society, middle-class or aristocratic, never met together on this earth; such fields and waters and woods never existed outside Mr. Hewlett's books. We do not demand photographic representations of drawing-rooms and hill and dale, nor phonographic reports of conversations; we only ask for trees which do not spout volubly of Corot and for a few people who will honestly utter what is in them without grimaces and shots at being smart. Not only the people in "Open Country" but the very buildings and fields never leave off going through Mr. Hewlett's literary antics.

We lay down the book rather glad to be done with it. The unceasing click of the epigrams, sham or real; the continual search after fine allusions, the strain to be if not original at any rate unusual, the lack of human, over-brimming humour and the pervading acid tone—all these help to damp our spirits; and the dullness is not lightened by the references to ladies' white skirts and even their white legs (lower extremities). Still the novel is clever; and, as a great many folk

admire cleverness above all things, we presume that Mr. Hewlett has his great admirers. As we presume also that Mr. Hewlett wishes to be admired, and to be admired precisely for his cleverness, he may fairly be congratulated on being likely to mount to the summit of his ambition by means of "Open Country".

" RHYMES AND RHYMES."

"Sonnets." By Lord Alfred Douglas. London: The Academy Publishing Company. 1909. 2s. 6d. net.

"Fleet Street, and other Poems." By John Davidson. London: Grant Richards. 1909. 5s. net.

"A Vision of Life." By Darrel Figgis. With an Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. London: Lane. 1909. 3s. 6d. net.

"Poems at Home and Abroad." By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. Glasgow: MacLehose. 1909. 2s. 6d. net.

"Wind and Hill." By Geoffrey Winthrop Young. London: Smith, Elder. 1909. 3s. 6d. net.

"Mimma Bella." By Eugene Lee-Hamilton. London: Heinemann. 1909. 5s. net.

THE "Sonnets" of Lord Alfred Douglas need little by way of appreciation, and less by way of criticism. There is no man living able to produce a book of sonnets quite so flawless in their grace and music. If there is any criticism to be made, it is this: the writer is less happy as he becomes more personal. The personal note is difficult to strike with the unerring precision that is required to send it home to the ear and to the mind in the true fullness of its appeal. In a sonnet it is impossible to separate content and expression. If the content is crude; or if, even though it be sincere, it appears on the face of it to lack sincerity, the sonnet stands like some perfect vase hopelessly marred:

"I have enticed and merited distress,
By this, that I have never bowed the knee
Before the shrine of wise hypocrisy,
Nor worn self-righteous anger like a dress."

There is an artificiality in the mood of this quatrain that exacts its penalty in self-contradiction. To repudiate self-righteousness in poetic numbers is to invite the charge, if not of self-righteousness, then (as in this particular case) of something even less poetic, namely, self-pity. It is this strain that spoils some of the best of the sonnets, a strain of querulousness that perhaps may be forgiven in a man who has "fought with beasts and wrestled with despair"; but, none the less, to be deplored for his poetry's sake. Curiously enough, since this volume is plainly calculated to make an immediate appeal to the small public that reads poetry, the writer of the note appended at the end of the book seems to anticipate for these sonnets "homage given grudgingly from cautious mouths", or no homage at all. Such aggressiveness before the event is not easily explained; and we should like to record a firmer faith in the ability of Lord Alfred Douglas to please his generation than his literary sponsor seems to possess.

The poetico-scientifics of John Davidson are too familiar to need appraisal at this time of day.

"Fleet Street was once a silence in the ether.
The carbon, iron, copper, silicon,
Zinc, aluminium vapours, metalloids,
Constituents of the skeleton and shell
Of Fleet Street—of the woodwork, metalwork,
Brickwork, electric apparatus, drains
And printing presses, conduits, pavement, road—
Were at the first unelemented space,
Imponderable tension in the dark
Consummate matter of eternity."

The warm humanities that day and night
Inhabit and employ it and inspire,
Were in the ether mingled with it, there
Distinguished nothing from the road, the shops,
The drainpipes, sewage, sweepings of the street."

Such speculations, like that as to whether the bricks of Fleet Street are happier in their lot than the rings of Saturn, are ingenious; but they are like the speculation of Hamlet concerning the dust of Alexander. When a poet asks us to consider of these matters, we reply with Horatio: "Twere to consider too curiously to consider so". In "The Crystal Palace" we have another quality of work, a close realistic description of common things, very vital, and presented with a richness of vocabulary that is astonishing. In "Cain", John Davidson is at his best and worst. It is fine rhetoric occasionally touched with a real emotion that brings it almost to the level of good poetry. It is informed with a spirit of revolt, and an assertion of the dignity of man before God that classes so much of John Davidson's work as "religious" in that sense of the word he himself would have accepted.

Mr. Figgis is unfortunate in his literary godfather. Mr. Chesterton discovers him in an introduction. There Mr. Figgis finds himself in the company of Francis Thompson as one of a small band of latter-day Elizabethan poets. Mr. Chesterton's reasons for so acclaiming Mr. Figgis seem to be that the latter has an extensive vocabulary and a belief that "God's in His heaven". We can assure Mr. Figgis that there is nothing whatever Elizabethan about his poem "A Vision of Life", and that, until he gets rid of certain affectations of archaism and a certain laborious endeavour to liberalise the dictionary of modern poetic speech, he will never give his real gifts as a versifier any chance to appear for what they are. "Forgive my curious temper" is unfortunate in a twentieth-century volume as an attempt to say "Pardon my asking you so many questions". In the phrase "face to spiritous face" the word "spiritous" is susceptible of a most unkind interpretation which would be nearer to its actual grammatical meaning than the one intended by Mr. Figgis. Such other phrases as "disturbed uncertainty", "complicated elements", "proportions spacious" (this last being descriptive of a terrible majestic spirit), "problematical bliss" are excellent enough in prose, so far as they go; but "I stood on quaking limb" is not happy: it suggests a frightened stork. Finally, if anyone should imagine that Mr. Figgis is Elizabethan when he is erotic, let us, at any rate, assure him that he is not:

"Rare love, mellow, voluptuous love,
Shone from her wondrous eyes, fell from her tongue
Melodious, dwelt on the delicate bloom
Of her seductive limbs . . ."

and so on. An Elizabethan poet would have left all this out, and come to the point.

Canon Rawnsley is the poet of "daisied fields" and "milk-white sheep", of foxgloves and daffodils, of the rain and wind, and of the seasons that lay their hands in shifting benediction upon Helvellyn. His matter is the simple old-world matter which is always new; and his treatment of it has all the charm of that simplicity which is the result of a nice discrimination in the choice and placing of simple phrases:

"There is no day in all the year
To weary mortals given,
When God's sweet mercy seems so near
And earth so sure of heaven

As when, in middle March, we wake
To find spring's promise true,
And summer falls on lawn and lake,
Full-made from out the blue."

These are lines easily read; and if they are as easily forgotten, so much the worse for us, it may be.

Geoffrey Winthrop Young keeps his garden less neatly trimmed; but it is a garden that is best left to grow a little wildly. His inspiration is very genuine; and for the present it is very boyish. To employ a phrase of his own, the song he sings is "just a clean noise of youth"; and he finds the best of his "Real Pleasures" in "sun and rain and the smell of grass and trees":

"Only a hill: earth set a little higher
Above the face of earth: a larger view

Of little fields and roads: a little nigher
To clouds and silence: what is that to you?
Only a hill; but all of life to me,
Up there, between the sunset and the sea."

Of other things there is, as yet, an impatience; but it is already an impatience that is half out-grown. Already he has begun to ask questions of earth and ocean; and, though he asks them as a "boy fronting the dark," it is quite clear that when his exaggerated zest in the novel sensation of being alive has lost enough of its edge to permit of other things intruding into the poetic field, Geoffrey Winthrop Young will write even better poetry than he does now, if only he can contrive to deepen his inspiration without losing the glad note of his early manner.

Few poets have had an experience so rich in pain as had Eugene Lee-Hamilton. He is best known perhaps by his "Sonnets of the Wingless Hours", published in 1894; and "Mimma Bella" sounds a last melancholy chord that harmonises only too well with this earlier strain. Published posthumously, these sonnets form an elegy upon his little daughter, whose death it was that killed him:

"Two springs she saw—two radiant Tuscan springs.

Now when the scented iris, straight and tall,
Shall hedge the garden gravel once again
With pale blue flags, at May's exulting call,
And when the amber roses, wet with rain,
Shall tapestry the old grey villa wall,
We, left alone, shall seek one bud in vain."

If Lee-Hamilton is not a "master of the sonnet", this is because the sonnet has found but few masters, and because he himself had not the inevitable instinct for the perfect line without which no perfect sonnet may be written.

"With something like a superstitious dread"

would be an ugly line anywhere, and in a sonnet it may not be allowed. Nevertheless some of these sonnets take a high place, and all are marked by some felicity of phrase or fancy that gives distinction to the whole. They add something to that "sense of tears" which informs the best poetry of all ages:

"The little golden drop is in them all,
But bitterer is the cup than may be told."

SHANGHAI: THE MODEL SETTLEMENT.

"Historic Shanghai." By C. A. Montalto de Jesus.
Shanghai Mercury Ltd. 1909.

SHANGHAI is an interesting and important place, but whether it has been so long enough to make it "an anomaly if not a reproach" that its history should still be unwritten is a question—well, perhaps, of terminology. For though it had its vicissitudes before the Treaty of Nanking opened it to foreign commerce these were scarcely of world-shaking importance, and the shorter term "story" might be more applicable to its subsequent growth. In setting himself to remedy the defect the author has, at any rate, found abundant though somewhat scattered material in the "Chinese Repository", the "Chinese Miscellany", the "North China Herald", and other local publications. Some may regret indeed that he has not quoted more freely from those earlier and less accessible records, instead of giving so much space to Gordon's exploits which have been fully related in Hake's "Story of Chinese Gordon", Wilson's "Ever-Victorious Army", and other works. Civil war in China has meant always massacre, plunder, and destruction. There was considerable cleavage of opinion among the foreign community at the time as to whether the Taipings or Imperialists should be supported, or let alone. Authority favoured the latter, and by so doing probably decided the fate of the rebellion. That is to say, it was decided to drive back the Taipings throughout a radius of thirty miles round Shanghai—which was, in effect, not only to set in motion against

them forces superior to their own, but to secure to the Imperialists a base of operations for which both sides had eagerly striven and for which either would, it is believed, have bargained—even to the constitution of Shanghai as a free city with a radius of dependent territory as the price of our goodwill. It was at Shanghai, amid the fiscal chaos caused by the Civil War, that the Imperial Maritime Customs Service was born; and it was amid similar administrative chaos that the foundations were laid of the Municipal Government which has gained for the foreign quarter at Shanghai the title of "Model Settlement", in the teeth of obstruction and intrigue where gratitude and wisdom should have dictated cordiality and imitation.

It was with a perception, certainly, of the promise of Shanghai as a port near the mouth of the Yangtze that the right of trading there was exacted in the Treaty of Nanking; but the concentration of enterprise which has made it the chief port of Eastern Asia was fortuitous in so far that the project of making Chusan an entrepot for the trade of Mid-China, on the same footing as Hong-kong in the south, had at least presented itself to Sir Henry Pottinger and his colleagues. The site of the present settlement was then agricultural land, and plots were bought at from forty-five dollars to seventy-five dollars a mow (one-sixth of an acre), that are now worth as many thousands. Mr. de Jesus tells the story of its development and the growth of its trade, of its riots and vicissitudes, with somewhat meticulous detail, which invites equally meticulous criticism. The so-called Kiang-nan Arsenal, for instance, can hardly be called "a development of the small foundry established by Li Hung Chang during the Taiping War"; for that first little arsenal—it was more than a foundry—which was created by Dr. Macartney under Li's auspices was transferred to Soochow and eventually to Nanking, in the great Viceroy's wake. The "Kiang-nan" was a separate creation. Nor is it quite accurate to ascribe the sale of the Shanghai Steam Navigation Company to subsidised Chinese opposition. It was the China Merchants' Steam Navigation Company that purchased the steamers, but it was the appearance of a powerful British Company ("The China Navigation", which is still running) that precipitated the sale. We note also, by the by, that the author perpetuates an amusing mistake made by Mr. Hake in quoting from the "North China Herald" as genuine a letter purporting to emanate from a Taiping source which bears, one would have thought, sufficient evidence of being a squib.

We have been concerned so far with the modern features of the story; but the Shanghaiander, to whom it is all so familiar, will turn back probably with greater zest to the introductory chapter which relates, from Chinese records, the emergence of Shanghai as a fishing village on the mud-flats that were gradually formed by the Yangtze and its affluents and its early experiences from floods, pirates, Japanese invasions and other disasters. It can boast among other distinctions that it was the birthplace of the Jesuits' distinguished disciple Siu Kwang-ki (better known as Paul Siu), who rose to be a chief Minister of State and whose name is associated by tradition with more than one familiar spot in the neighbourhood—notably with the great college at Sikawei, near which stood a tomb decorated by the last Ming Emperor with a double row of stone figures as an honorific tribute to his worth. This was practically the first incident in foreign associations which have found ulterior expression in a vast commerce that has by no means yet reached its limit. It is well, in the meantime, to have on record details of the earlier phases of a story that may have to be writ larger on a later day.

NOVELS.

"A Reaping." By E. F. Benson. London: Heinemann, 1909. 6s.

We hazard a guess that Mr. E. F. Benson does not see why his academic brother should have it all his own way in discussing life and death and things in general.

So the novelist sets out to meet the essayist on his own ground, but scores a point by making his meditations centre round imaginary persons. This book is by way of being the diary of a year spent mainly in the country by a young married couple. They own a pleasant young cousin called Legs—at least Legs is a youth of a kind very likeable in flesh and blood but a little tiresome on paper. When the diarist is tired of discoursing on music and gardens he lets a friend be killed or a baby be born—and here we see how the essayist-brother, starting from scratch so to say, loses that particular hole. All this is agreeable enough to read, except that the important things touched upon—the bunkers in the course—are a little out of keeping with the small-talk.

"The Wanton." By Frances Harrod (Frances Forbes Robertson). London: Greening. 1909. 6s.

She was not really a wanton, but the public may be more desirous of hearing about the beautiful Beltis if they start with the belief that she was no better than she should be. Mrs. Harrod has evidently read up the times of the Emperor Frederick II., and the incongruous modernity of her dialogue will not be resented by those to whom her story will most appeal. Wardour Street English may be repellent—but Beltis is terribly far removed from Nicolette whom Aucassin loved. Apart from its setting, and from the author's evident desire to emulate Mr. Hewlett in giving the Philistine false alarms, the story is not undramatic. Cecilia, the correct and heartless woman, wedded a romantic knight whom her cousin and playmate, Beltis the passionate, had learned to love. There is incident in plenty—and the affectation of fine writing to satiety. What the author means by saying that "it took the Reformation to instil into woman the monstrous conviction that to be with child could ever be a dishonour" we cannot imagine. The Middle Ages attached a certain value to chastity.

"Fancy O'Brien." By Ella MacMahon. London: Chapman and Hall. 1909. 6s.

Although the main incident in this study of the small-shop-keeping class in a Dublin suburb is the seduction of Bridgie Doyle by Fancy O'Brien, it is saved from sordidness by the idealism of the author's standpoint. Her power to depict the humour and tenderness no less than the savagery of the Irish character is as evident as her pride in them; nor are we left without a hint that a trip to Blackpool and a friendship with a cynical Saxon with a cockney accent contributed to Fancy's lapse from the standard morality of the Isle of Saints. But if the shamrock stamped on the book's green cover occasionally obtrudes itself between the pages, these latter have something of the freshness and austerity of the plant itself.

"Katherine the Arrogant." By B. M. Croker. London: Methuen. 1909. 6s.

There is nothing remarkable in the subject matter or in the manner of the telling of this story. The plot depends in a strained way on the unlikely circumstance of two platonic lovers remaining in ignorance of each other's names. The minor characters are drawn with exaggeration, yet, with all their emphasis, leave an undecided impression.

"Dragon's Blood." By H. M. Rideout. London: Constable. 1909. 6s.

Mr. Rideout gives a very interesting description of life in a remote Chinese village, where there are only some half-dozen Europeans. The writing is so graphic that one can feel the nervous tension of the white people at signs of a rebellion among the natives, and over all is the sense of the aching loneliness of their lot.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"Ilera of Cornwall." By F. Hamilton Davey. Penryn: F. Chagwidden. 1909. 21s. net.

The Duchy of Cornwall, with its extensive sea-board and wide stretches of heath and moorland, has long been a happy hunting-ground with "searchers after simples". From the far-off days of the seventeenth century, when John

Ray, in company with Sir Francis Willughby, found the now extinct cotton-weed "on the gravelly-shore between Pensans and S. Michael's Mount", and the wild asparagus "growing on cliffs at the Lezard Point in Cornwall", a number of able botanists have investigated the county flora. How rich that flora is we have been lately reminded by the publication of Mr. Hamilton Davey's work on the plants of Cornwall and the Scilly Isles. As many as 1180 species are claimed for the county. Several of the choicest plants have unfortunately disappeared, such as the magnificent sea-stock, the Roman nettle, and the sea-pea which formerly grew on the beach near Penzance. Of plants peculiar to the county in Great Britain Mr. Davey enumerates no less than twenty species. Among these we note a graceful brome-grass, confined to one locality near Par, two species of rushes, and three clovers or trefoils found by the late Rev. C. A. Johns, the author of "Flowers of the Field", between the Lizard Head and Kynance Cove. The Cornish heath is locally abundant in the western part of the county. The Scilly Isles can boast of a little slender bird's-foot, the *Ornithopus pinnatus*, not found elsewhere in Britain. The ciliated rapturewort, found by Ray near the Lizard Point, still blossoms in its old locality. In comparatively recent years the purple viper's bugloss, found at S. Just by Dr. Ralfe, has been added to the British Flora; and a new fumitory, *F. occidentalis*, was discovered by Mr. Pugsley in 1904.

Other interesting plants, not indeed confined to Cornwall, but having their main range within the limits of the county, are the Cornish bladder-seed and the Cornish moneywort. In many parts of the Duchy the hedgebanks and roadsides are adorned, to an extent unknown elsewhere, with the handsome flowers of the bastard-balm and of the exquisite evergreen-alkanet. The common-balm—the word "common", being the equivalent of the Latin "officinalis", indicates the supposed medical properties of the plant—is also frequently met with, and is still believed to possess incredible virtues. The splendid tree-mallow continues to flourish on the lofty Cornish cliffs, above which, on the short springy turf, the lovely vernal-squill puts forth every May its pale-blue, star-like flowers.

"The Dawn of Medieval Europe: 476—918." By J. H. B. Masterman. London: Methuen. 1909. 2s. 6d. net.

This is a very readable little book, and certainly the best of possible introductions to the study of a difficult period. It is not merely a chronicle, but presents the history with some regard for style, and with an admirable sense of proportion. The generalisations are sound, and may be trusted so far as they go. They leave the reader with an impression that, if the author had an opportunity of expanding his volume, he could produce a book which would be of value to the well-read student in this period as well as to the beginner. The bibliography at the end is both discreet and comprehensive.

"Y. America's Peril." By P. A. Vaile. London: Griffiths. 1909.

It cannot be denied that Mr. Vaile has produced an amusing book, but his method is too vindictive. Everything that is base, grotesque, and unlovely in the United States has been noted and recorded by the author with glee and enthusiasm. We observe, however, that he admits that there is something to be said on the other side. Indeed, no nation at once so criminal and so grotesque as the America depicted in these pages could exist. It would soon fall a victim to its own corruption or to the combined forces of avenging civilisation. There is some excuse for Mr. Vaile, who has been nauseated by the fulsome adulation of the Americans by writers who have been lavishly entertained by them, and who appear to think that the sum of the United States is contained in Broadway and Pennsylvania Avenue. Mr. Vaile promises, or threatens, another volume, in which he will depict the other side of the shield. If he produces a book really intended to balance this, we fear the laudatory hyperbolism of his predecessors in that line will be eclipsed. It is true that the United States is only a nation in the making, and not yet civilised; but the unrestrained ferocity of the author conveys the impression of a castigation without discrimination.

Barr's Catalogue of Daffodils, 1909.

The horticulturists' catalogues are beginning to come in. One looks first and most keenly, perhaps, to Messrs. Barr's Daffodils. The daffodil is so delightful a flower that we cannot help welcoming anything that brings it before us, even though it reminds us that summer is past. The daffodil seems capable of really indefinite development, and on the whole, though some of the earlier varieties can never be beaten, one must admit that the newer, if we cannot say absolutely the newest, flowers are finer than their predecessors. This year

Messrs. Barr have several new seedlings, notably Chieftain, a grand incomparable, one of the most beautiful of all the daffodil groups, though our own choice for the loveliest of all would be Leeds. Then we have Red Chief, a showy brilliant Barri, and another very striking Barri, Warley Scarlet. It is interesting to see how old famous varieties have to retire into the background. Emperor and Empress are now hardly in the front rank of Trumpets. But Madame de Graaf must always hold its own. Peter Barr, we note, has dropped to ten guineas.

THE SEPTEMBER REVIEWS.

Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham in the "English Review", Dr. Dillon in the "Contemporary", and Mr. Garvin in the "Fortnightly" are the only writers in the Reviews who discuss the question of Spain's action in the Riff. Mr. Cunninghame Graham and Dr. Dillon take one side; Mr. Garvin the other. To Mr. Cunninghame Graham the fighting in Morocco is naturally hateful, especially as he, like Dr. Dillon, is convinced that Spanish action is nothing more than an attempt to enforce respect for illicit mining concessions obtained from El Roghi. If Spain will only comprehend the full significance of the cry "Spain's future it is in Spain!", then, Mr. Cunninghame Graham thinks fifty years hence she may once again be a great Power. If not, if she persists in wasting slender resources in bolstering up the claims of the few capitalists whose "jobs have been so disastrous" to her in recent years, then her condition, which Dr. Dillon describes as one of "mental, moral, and physical inanition", will we suppose grow rapidly worse. Mr. Cunninghame Graham's sympathies and prejudices are easy to understand; they lead him to conclusions which would be less easy to justify. There is not much evidence of inanition in the way Spain tackled her Barcelona troubles, nor in the manner in which she has set about asserting her authority in the Riff. If the concessions which are responsible for the Moorish rising were illegal, how comes it that the Sultan has ordered the tribesmen to abandon their hostility to Spain? Mulai Hafid has endorsed the action of the man who is now his prisoner and was not his subject when he gave the concessions. Mr. Garvin takes the reasonable view of the case. Spain, without bringing upon herself troubles greater even than those she has now to face, could not withdraw from the position she had taken up around Melilla. If her King and Government had courted the fate which events in Morocco are supposed to hold in store for her, they could

(Continued on page 326.)

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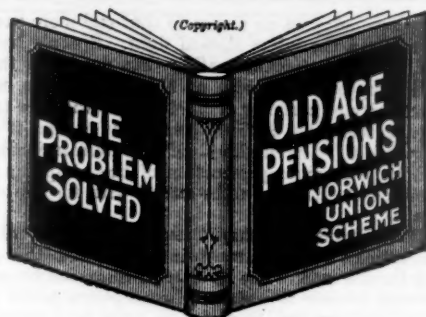
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probably have adopted no means to that end more sure than retreat directly the tribes showed fight. Spain's honour is involved in this unfortunate affair, but not along the lines her critics suggest. She will, as Mr. Garvin says, not lose an opportunity of arriving at a settlement with the tribes if one presents itself, but if fanaticism elects to fight it out she will not flinch. "Even the chief Republican journal has declared for a resolute prosecution of the campaign, whatever accounts should have to be settled with the Government afterwards."

The "Nineteenth Century" begins and ends with important articles on the unrest in India and the general effects of British rule. The Rev. J. A. Sharrock traces much of the recent trouble to certain misconceptions about India: education has been too literary, we have been diffident in regard to religion, even to the point of banishing it from the schools and apologising for it, and we have not taken sufficient trouble to encourage those who are loyal to us. In the new Legislative Councils, he says, Christians as well as Muslims and Hindus must have seats. Mr. Sharrock is convinced that India will ultimately become a Christian country. Disloyalty is not merely the work of certain English politicians who have taught the Bengali that if he gives sufficient trouble he will get all he cries for, but has been fostered by the deliberate policy of ignoring all religious instruction in colleges and schools. "Any religion with a belief in God", Mr. Sharrock says, "is better than none; and we have given them none, while boasting of our liberality." That is a point of view to which less attention has been given than it deserves. Mr. Elliot G. Colvin, for the benefit of those who have no special knowledge of India, meets and exposes the "distortions and exaggerations" of English and American writers who endorse the licence of the native Press; and Sir Edmund C. Cox devotes himself to answering the aspersions of a Hindu murderer and an English labour member of Parliament. It was hardly worth while to go into elementary history in the pages of the "Nineteenth Century" in refutation of Mr. Victor Grayson. Mr. F. H. Barrow in the "Empire Review", in an attempt to explain what Hinduism really is, takes up somewhat the same line as Mr. Sharrock. He thinks the Hindu is unconsciously approaching Christianity, and is trying to fit the political ideals of Christendom into his own ideals. "The fermentation brought about in Hinduism by the preaching of Christianity has rendered possible the new Indian nationalism." In the "Contemporary" also the Rev. N. Macnicol examines the spiritual forces at work in India; he shows what forces are still alive "in many a deep heart", and points to the pathetic spectacle of the educated young Indian who has lost the faith of his fathers without finding a new one. The "combination of Indian religious intensity with Western science and Western politics" is bound to be explosive. Sir Andrew Fraser in "Blackwood" concludes a short article on race hatred and the responsibility which rests upon the people as well as the Government of India, with the noteworthy suggestion that the time has come for providing in India itself the training in law, medicine, engineering, and the like, which will fit Indians to take their place beside the men from England. "It ought not to be necessary for Indians to leave India so as to acquire the status of barristers before the Indian Courts." We fail however to see how an Indian training would in any way save the Hindu from the unrest which is fostered by the native demagogues who take their cue from English Radicals.

Vox et Prætere Nihil in the "Fortnightly" gives an account of the relations of Baron Aehrenthal and M. Izvolsky in the negotiations as to South-Eastern Europe which puts the Austrian statesman in an unpleasant light and will not tend to encourage confidence in a peace dependent upon the mutual confidence of Austria and Russia. In the same review C. de Thierry throws out some useful hints as to openings for young Englishmen in South Africa, and Lord Monckswell congratulates Mr. Haldane on the position of the Territorial Force. In the "National" are articles on the rôle of a National Army by Lord Alan Percy, who says that "some National Service party must appear to raise the cry for universal service"; on Party Government and the Empire by Mr. W. J. Courthope, who invites the Unionists to supplement constitutional machinery in imperial matters; and on Lord Kitchener in India by Sir George Arthur, who shows what Lord Kitchener has done not only for the Army as a whole but for the native regiments. "Lord Kitchener's command will long be associated in the minds of the native troops with bettered conditions of service." The "solid and tangible boons he has conferred will serve to butter the parsnips of the native soldier more effectively than any amount of exalted talk". Mr. Hobson, in the "English Review", on South Africa as an Imperial Asset is much more concerned with the future

relations of the colonies to the Empire than with the position of South Africa; in characteristic Liberal vein he insists on those points that might make for trouble rather than those that make for union. If Mr. Hobson were capable of humour, we should be able to appreciate his suggestion that if there had been no war union might have been "achieved as early, though the Dutch supremacy which it embodies and assures would have been less conspicuous". The man who can seriously write such a sentence is not qualified to discuss South African affairs. Sir C. Kinloch-Cooke, in the "Empire Review", is agreed that South African union must have come, but he regrets that the Boers have been allowed to take the position of top dog, and shows his consciousness of facts by urging the necessity for increasing the white population of South Africa "from British sources". Lord Desborough, in the "Financial Review of Reviews", discovers the real yellow peril in the scarcity of gold, the fluctuating rate of exchange between gold and silver using countries, and the effect of the fall in the price of silver on the business of East and West. He enters a plea for the issue of ten-shilling notes to replace the half-sovereign, and thinks some arrangement will have to be made between the Great Powers, restoring the monetary function of silver and raising the exchange.

At this season the miscellaneous items in the magazines and reviews should be unusually numerous and attractive. The "English Review" gives a study of Mr. Lloyd George—not an article, but one of his inimitable caricatures—by Mr. Max Beerbohm, and Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer starts a serial entitled "The Call". In the "Nineteenth Century" Mr. P. D. Kenny has an article on the Irish priest entitled "His Parochial Majesty"; Miss A. E. Keeton writes on "Debussy: his Science and his Music"; Mr. Sidney Low on "Matrimony and the Man of Letters", in a way that suggests no real man of letters ought ever to marry. Mr. Low also appears in the "Fortnightly" with an article on Darwinism and Politics. Among the other contributions in the "Fortnightly" are an article on Admiral Saunders, Wolfe's colleague, which is apposite this month when the 150th anniversary of the fall of Quebec is to be celebrated; Some Neglected Aspects of Horace Walpole, indicated in an interesting essay by Mr. Norman Pearson; and The Master Hoaxer, James de la Cloche, whose claim to be a son of Charles II. is disposed of by Mr. Andrew Lang. The Story of Halley's Comet, which is to be expected again some time next spring, is told in the "Nineteenth Century" by Mr. E. Vincent Heward and in the "North American Review" by Mr. Ralph B. Larkin. In the "Contemporary" Mr. Jack London writes amusingly on the Bêche-de-Mer English of the South Sea Islands; in "Blackwood" there is a charming article on the Green Links of Peshawar by Mr. A. H. Grant; in "Cornhill" we have an account by Colonel Algernon Durand of his tiger-shooting experiences in Central India; and in "Travel and Exploration" Major P. W. Sykes' description of his pilgrimage to the tomb of Omar Khayyam.

For this Week's Books see page 328.

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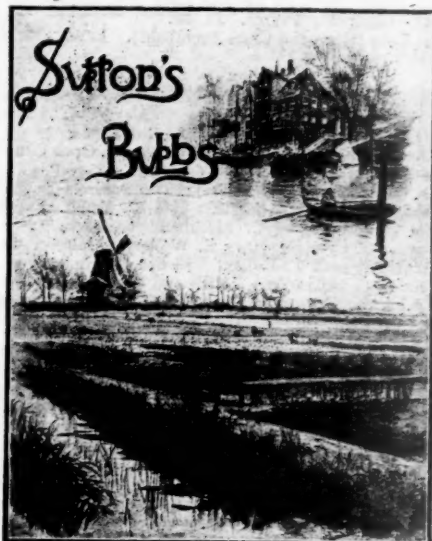
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